THE

SPORTING MAGAZINE;

OR

MONTHLY CALENDAR

OF THE

TRANSACTIONS OF THE TURF, THE CHASE,

And every other DIVERSION interesting to the

MAN OF PLEASURE, ENTERPRISE, AND SPIRIT.

FOR AUGUST, 1804.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The author of a *Free* Translation of a Latin Epigram, should know that he has made *too free* with the obligations of religion and morality, to get admittance for his abortion in our Magazine.—Private propensities are not to be indulged at the expence of social happiness and public decorum.

The various communications of A. B. and J. J. B.'s manner of hunting the Chamois, shall be attended to without delay.

J. M.'s Burlesque upon, "He heav'd a sigh, and died for love," is received.—He should look more carefully to the quantity of his syllables.

The very singular and interesting account of a recent adventure, which took its rise in the Shetland Islands, by a correspondent, an eye-witness, and of the destruction occasioned by the *ketlers*, or the lemmings of that country, came to hand too late this month. It shall appear in our next. —Rural Sports, from the same ingenious correspondent, stands the first article of our poetical department in the present number.

The Character of Mr. Emphasis—An Old Hunter—Song by Venator—Greek Epigram, &c. &c. are received. Most of them, probably, in our next.

The contrast between Human Life and a Sportsman's Day, in our next.

Gentlemen disposed to favour the Publisher of this Magazine with Original Paintings of Sporting Subjects, are assured that the utmost care shall be taken of them, and of their being safely returned. The Engravings thus taken, will be executed by the most approved Artists, and in the first style of excellence.

Etched from A Sketch by Marshall.

Mr. Samuel Betts,

Starter of the Horses at Newmarket.

THE

SPORTING MAGAZINE,

FOR AUGUST, 1804.

MR. SAMUEL BETTS.

Starter of the Horses at Newmarket.

IN our last Magazine, we gave the Portrait of Mr. John Hilton, Judge of the Course, the oldest servant of the Jockey Club, he having been thirty-four years in the employ of that honourable Sporting Society.

Mr. Betts, whose Likeness we now present, is another servant of the Jockey Club. His business is, as expressed on the plate, "Starter of the Horses"—a highly necessary department at that unrivalled Sporting Establishment, Newmarket.

MRS. THORNTON'S MATCH.

THE following Match was announced for the last day of York races, on the 25th instant—

A Match for 500gs, and 1000gs bye—four miles—between Colonel Thornton's Vingarillo, and Mr. Flint's br. h. Thornville, by Volunteer.—Mrs. Thornton to ride her weight against Mr. Flint's.

This match having excited much curiosity, and many observations in the Newspapers, we here give the extract of a letter to one of the Editors, dated York, Wednesday evening, August 22, three days previous to the race—

"This day, after the races, Mrs. Thornton, mounted upon Vingarillo, took an exercising gallop of four miles. She was dressed in mazarine blue, and wore a neat black jockey cap, looked very well, and was in high spirits. She went off in a canter, sat her horse amazingly tight and snug; at times put him to the top of his speed, winded him, and shewed that she had all his powers perfectly in her command. All the knowing ones were astonished at the style of *horseship* in which she performed her gallop, and declared it equal, if not superior, to any Chiffney or Buckle, of Newmarket celebrity. Unfortunately, when within about three

distances of being home, the saddle girths gave way, and she came with considerable violence to the ground. You cannot conceive the interest we take in our fair equestrian, or the anxiety which her fall produced among those who witnessed it. I am happy, however, to assure you, that she did not sustain the slightest injury. Being a smart, active, elastic figure, she recovered her feet in a moment, did not appear in the least alarmed, made light of the tumble, and walked from the course in the same good spirits with which she came upon it. She will exercise again to-morrow, when, no doubt, every possible care will be taken to prevent the recurrence of a similar accident. Indeed I hope we shall have no reason to regret this circumstance, as it may prove the means of preventing the like on the day of trial, when such a mishap would be more serious.

" And now, Sir, to come to that which appears the grand source of curiosity and interest among many of your silly contemporaries—' The sporting Mrs. Thornton is to ride the four miles in *buck*-skin breeches —she is to ride in *doe*—she is to ride like a *man*.' Such are the effusions of your scribblers, whose Pegasus is no better than a jack-ass, who ridicule that spirit in a woman, which they do not themselves possess; and cannot believe, while they stumble along Rotten-row, trembling for their lives, upon a spavined, lazy hack, that a lady could have courage to commit herself to the back of a first-rate racer. To put, then, all these silly queries at rest, know that Mrs. Thornton does not wear buck-skins or doe-skins, and that she rides *a-side*. It shews a great depravity of taste, when that spirit, which was admired in our female ancestors, and formed a distinguishing quality of our great and glorious Elizabeth, is treated and received with levity.

" The betting is now six to four upon Mrs. Thornton; and, I think, will probably be more in her favour before Saturday.

" This city, and every gentleman's house in its vicinity, are now as full as they can hold. Should more company come, I know not where they can be accommodated. Every part of the kingdom appears to have furnished its quota. I own I am not surprised at this result. It required all the dashing talents of Colonel Thornton, which are ever contriving something new with which to astonish the sporting world, to make so extraordinary a match; and in no place could the scene be laid with such *eclat* and effect as in Yorkshire."

THE RACE.

Saturday, August 25, 1804.

" NEVER did we witness," says the writer of the York Herald, " such an assemblage of people as were drawn together on the above occasion—100,000 at least. Nearly ten times the number appeared on Knavesmire than did on the day when Bay Malton ran, or when Eclipse went over the course, leaving the two best horses of the day a mile and a half behind. Indeed expectation was raised to the highest pitch, from the novelty of the match. Thousands from every part of the surrounding country thronged to the ground. In order to keep the course as clear as possible, several additional people were employed; and, much to the credit of the 6th Light Dragoons, a party of them also were on the ground on horseback, for the like purpose, and which unquestionably was the cause of many lives being saved.

About

"About 4 o'clock, Mrs. Thornton appeared on the ground, full of spirit, her horse led by Colonel Thornton, and followed by Mr. Baker and Mr. H. Boynton: afterwards appeared Mr. Flint. They started a little past four o'clock. The lady took the lead for upwards of three miles, in a most capital style. Her horse, however, had much the shorter stroke of the two. When within a mile of being home, Mr. Flint pushed forward, and got the lead, which he kept. Mrs. Thornton used every exertion; but finding it impossible to win the race, she drew up, in a *sportsmanlike* style, when within about two distances.

"At the commencement of the running, bets were 5 and 6 to 4 on the Lady: in running the first three miles, 7 to 4 and 2 to 1 in her favour. Indeed the oldest sportsmen on the Stand thought she must have won. In running the last mile, the odds were in favour of Mr. Flint.

"Never surely did a woman ride in a better style. It was difficult to say whether her *horsemanship*, her dress, or her beauty, were most admired—the *toute ensemble* was *unique*.

"Mrs. Thornton's dress was a leopard-coloured body, with blue sleeves, the rest buff, and blue cap. Mr. Flint rode in white. The race was run in nine minutes and fifty-nine seconds.

"Thus ended the most interesting races ever ran upon Knavesmire. No words can express the disappointment felt at the defeat of Mrs. Thornton. The spirit she displayed, and the good humour with which she has borne her loss, have greatly diminished the joy of many of the winners. From the very superior style in which she performed her exercising gallop of four miles, on Wednesday, betting was greatly in her favour; for the accident which happened, in consequence of her saddle-girths having slackened, and the saddle turning round, was not attended with the slightest injury to her person, nor did it in the least damp her courage; while her *horsemanship*, and *close seated* riding, astonished the beholders, and inspired a general confidence in her success.

"Not less than L.200,000 were pending upon Mrs. Thornton's match; perhaps more, if we include the bets in every part of the country, and there is no part, we believe, in which there were not some.

"It will be seen, by the time of performance, that Haphazard was the best horse at the Meeting.—Seldom have we witnessed a Meeting at York, where the races have been so well contested. Almost the whole have been run, and the horses rode, in a style of great superiority. To add to the pleasure attending the Meeting, the weather has been most favourable, and the company numerous and fashionable."

☞ *The Calendar of the next Sporting Magazine will contain the whole of the York Races, correct and complete.*

RACES IN FRANCE.

THE English at Verdun, it appears, have lately amused themselves with Horse Races, if the following hand-bill be genuine, which we have no reason to doubt—

Thursday, July 12, 1804—in the Morning.

Sir Thomas Wallace, Bart. Mr. Don, and Col. Whaley, stewards.

One o'clock.—Mr. Bowles's ch. g. Bobtail, 11st. rode by himself, pink

pink jacket, black collar and cap, against Mr. Cohen's b. m. Lodoiska, 10st. 3lb. rode by Mr. Walpole, white jacket and black cap.—Twice round the course, starting at the winning post; for 20 louis each, h. ft.

Half past one.—The Earl of Yarmouth's b. g. Dupe, 12st. 3lb. coquelicot body, white sleeves and cap, against Mr. Wilbraham's ch. m. Verdun Lass, 11st. 4lb. blue body, black sleeves and cap.—Once round the course, starting at the stewards' box; for 100 louis each, h. ft.

Whim Stakes of 20 louis each, h. ft. for horses of all ages, being weight for age and inches.—Three times round the course.—Entrance for subscribers of three louis to the cup, one louis each.—The last horse to pay two louis to the racing fund.

Two o'clock.—Earl of Yarmouth's ch. g. Endeavour, 14st. $9\frac{1}{2}$lb. red jacket, rider unknown. Mr. Knox's ch. g. Tennis Ball, 14st. 3lb. white cambric body, coquelicot sleeves and cap, rode by Mr. Dodsworth. Mr. Jennings's Moll in the Wad, 13st. $\frac{1}{4}$lb. pink and yellow jacket, and black cap, rider unknown. Colonel Whaley's Miss Annette, 12st. $\frac{1}{2}$lb. rode by himself, red jacket, white sleeves and cap.

Three quarters past two.—Earl of Yarmouth's b. g. Dupe, rode by himself, against Mr. Cohen's ch. m. Verdun Lass, rode by the Hon. Colonel Annesley, blue body, white sleeves, blue and white cap; Col. Annesley 10lb less than the Earl of Yarmouth; for 40 louis each, h. ft.

Three quarters past three.—Mr. Knox's ch. g. Tennis Ball, 11st. 12lb. rode by Colonel Whaley, white cambric body, coquelicot sleeves and cap, against Mr. Jennings's b. m. Moll in the Wad, 11st. 5lb. rode by himself, white jacket and cap.—Once round the course, starting at the distance post; for 25 louis each, h. ft.

All carriages of every description admitted upon the common, the verge of ditto, or any place adjoining, to pay three livres, and every horse twenty-four sols. For the accommodation of the ladies there will be a stand. The Stewards, with the permission of General Wirion, have directed the gendarmes to take up all persons trespassing upon the corn fields or meadows, which the English are particularly requested not to do.

N.B. All dogs seen on the course will be destroyed.

W. Green, *Clk. of the Course.*

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

AN Address to the Royal First Devon Yeomanry Cavalry, respecting the Management of their Horses, when employed in actual Service, &c. By James White, V. S. 82 pages, 8vo. Price 2s. 6d. Badcock. 1804.

These directions for the management of horses while in the field, might with equal propriety be addressed to every cavalry soldier. A slight acquaintance with its contents, will enable the men to apply instant remedies, when the assistance of the farrier cannot be had, a circumstance that must often happen. We advert more particularly to the head "Of Lameness," in which department of the curative art this author excels.

He introduces the subject, by insisting on its importance; to which every horseman will subscribe. He adds—"Lameness may arise from numerous causes, and is sometimes incurable, though generally it may either

either be alleviated or cured. In some cases, the cause of lameness is very conspicuous, and cannot escape the notice of the most careless observer; frequently, however, it is so obscure—*obscurely seated*—as to require the most careful and patient investigation."

To come at the real cause of lameness, he gives some judicious directions, with most of which gentlemen conversant in the properties and structure of the animal are already acquainted; but even to these, the simple and unadorned instructions of Mr. White cannot fail to be highly acceptable: while to such cavalry soldiers—whether volunteers or regulars—as are imperfectly informed respecting the make, the accidents, and diseases of the horse, there is not a line in this Address with which he should be unacquainted. Indeed we will go farther, and say, that every man who falls into the ranks of a regiment of horse, ought previously to read—if he can read—the fourscore pages now before us.

As an example of his manner, we shall select what our author says of Corns—" A corn is always more or less tender; and if the shoe be so applied as to press upon it, the horse immediately goes lame. If the disease is neglected, or improperly treated; if an improper shoe is suffered to remain, and the poor animal whipped into exertion, there is generally matter formed, which not unfrequently * breaks out at the coronet, and the disease becomes exceedingly troublesome."

In this explanation of the cause, symptoms, and remedy of lameness, caused by corns, there is nothing new. To the experienced jockey, our author will have afforded no information with which he was not previously familiar: but it cannot be denied by him, that new light is thrown upon the subject; and, in the compass of ten lines, the inexperienced soldier is told, 1st, What is a corn; 2dly, That the shoe bearing on the tender part will occasion immediate lameness; 3dly, That neglect of the necessary precautions will promote the formation of matter, and the cure becomes doubtful. Even the raw recruit would, after reading this passage, have the understanding to get the shoe eased by a smith; and if the proper remedies are not at hand, he will at least be careful not to precipitate his horse into incurable lameness by his conduct. Here follows the method of cure, at once judicious, clear, and terse—

" As soon as a corn is perceived, and it is easily discovered by scraping off a little of the horn from the corners of the heels, the red part should be removed with the drawing knife, and the whole of that part between the bar and crust made concave or hollow. If the corn is so bad that the sensible and fleshy part is exposed, or if matter be formed in it, apply a little butter of antimony, or a solution of blue vitriol, and then a little tar or digestive ointment. The shoe must be rather long at the heels, which should have a firm bearing upon that strong part of the heel where the bar and crust meet. The corn having been properly drawn out, and all the tender part made sufficiently hollow, the heel of the shoe cannot press upon it, and the horse will generally go sound immediately. This complaint, however, requires constant attention: the dirt must be carefully picked out from the hollow part; and whenever the horse comes into the stable, it should be immediately cleansed, and a solution of blue vitriol applied. If the foot continues hot,

* *Always*, when matter is formed, and the animal is worked.—*Editor*.

and

and rather tender, a poultice will be very serviceable.

"It should have been mentioned before, that, to discover this kind of lameness, it is necessary to apply the hand to the foot; an unusual heat will then be felt about the heel; and if the part be struck gently with a small hammer or stone, the animal will flinch and express pain, when it comes near the affected part. It may frequently be discovered, merely by pressing the part with the fingers. Having proceeded thus far in the investigation, and discovered the unusual heat and tenderness, there is reason to suppose that a corn is the cause of the horse's lameness; the shoe being removed, and the corners of the heels examined with a drawing-knife, the horny substance will be found of a dark red colour, and, upon pressing with the finger, the part will be found very tender, and generally thin. When the disease has been long neglected, matter will make its appearance, if the corn be properly drawn out: this matter is generally of a blackish colour, and thin."

(To be continued.)

A FRENCH Translation of Mr. Blaine's work on Veterinary Medicine, has made its appearance at Paris, embellished with nine anatomical plates, engraved by M. Marin of *L'Ecole de Medicine*, intituled—"Notions fondamentales de l'Art Veterinare; ou, Principes de Medicine appliques a la Connoissance de la Structure, des Fonctions, et de l'Economie du Cheval, du Beuf, de la Brebis, et du Chien; et du Traitement de leur Maladies."

As we noticed the productions of Mr. Blaine, in our twenty-first volume, p. 327, to a considerable extent, it would be useless to repeat any thing similar respecting them, from the French reviewers, in the Moniteur for July 25, 1804. Suffice it to say, they conclude with the following panegyric, which proves they are not our enemies in the republic of letters; and besides, requires no amplification.

"We think, from the simplicity and perspicuity of the manner in which each object is treated, that he—Mr. Blaine—has obtained his end; that this work has the double merit, of being within the comprehension of all kinds of readers; that those persons who make a profession of curing animals, would deprive themselves of a very great succour, in neglecting to consult him; and that this work would be of excellent use to those who study the most important branch of rural economy, that of the rearing of beasts."

It is to be observed, that M. Marin, the engraver of the plates, is also the translator of the work, and that the observations before mentioned, are prefaced by a chronological enumeration of the French writers upon the veterinary art, which, as a matter of curiosity, we shall translate for a future number of the Sporting Magazine.

RACES TO COME.

EGHAM	Sept.	4
Warwick		4
Abingdon		11
Lichfield		11
Pontefract		11
Lincoln		12
Bedford		12
Shrewsbury		18
Kingscote		18
Beccles		19
Leicester		19
Doncaster		24
Oswestry		24
Walsall		26
Northampton		26

THORNTON'S

THORNTON'S SPORTING TOUR.

(Continued from page 194 of our last.)

AFTER falling in with two officers belonging to the garrison of Inversnaid, upon the borders of the lake, the remains of a former establishment, instituted for the purpose of keeping the northern mountaineers in awe; they perceived, as they coasted along, some men who they had heard shooting, and hallooing to them, and coming nearer to shore, found they were two foxhunters, natives of that country. They had just killed, as they said, a bitch fox and some cubs, and had earthed a wild cat, which, had there been any hope of destroying, the Colonel's party would have joined and assisted; but they were assured every effort had been made, and it was impracticable.

The author says, English sportsmen must not conceive, that these men are mounted even on Highland shelties, or that they are furnished with caps, whips, horns, and thirty couple of hounds. They were merely on foot, dressed in Scotch bonnets, with brogues instead of shoes, and the rest as they can. They carry a very awkward gun, loaded with swan-shot, have a brace of half-starved mongrel greyhounds, four or five couple of still worse fed hounds, called here Slow-hounds, in opposition to greyhounds, and a couple, or more, of lame, but savage, bandy-legged terriers. One half, at least, of these quadrupeds are eaten up with the mange, of which, if cured, they must cure themselves, as very little attention is paid to them. Threw the Caledonian foxhunters half-a-crown to drink the joys of a tallyho! and crossed the bay; in doing which they counted no less than eight-and-twenty isles, finely disposed, and very distinct; some rise with gentle curvatures above the surface, covered with verdant turf, and self-planted with various trees. From this point of view, it is said to be twelve miles across the lake, to the Duke of Montrose's, which lies to the eastward; but however fine it may be, it is not allowed equal for the pencil to the charming prospect off Inchmerin. Sudden storm arose; left the water; and, having the horses and servants at no great distance, trotted on and soon reached Tarbat. The Colonel always deferred giving his opinion of an inn, till he had examined the most useful part, which he terms the " inside." The rooms, he observed, were small, but they were clean, and he required no more; the linen was fine, and the attendance and attention much better than could be expected. Ordered what the house afforded for supper —more fishing while the supper was getting ready—hired a boat, and was in some danger from the unsteadiness of the boatman, who was turned of seventy, and had personally taken in too much whiskey for ballast before he came on board. They therefore made a speedy retreat to shore; but not before the drunken boatman had broke the best fishing-rod, and destroyed every expectation of sport.

July 4.—Day sultry; left Tarbat, and proceeded for Glen Falloch, still following the much-admired Loch Lomond; road wonderfully steep, which alarmed the party, as the shaft-horse, not relishing the great weight of the gig upon the breeching, in passing a Highland gate, some shining stone, or glaring substance, made him rather swerve, by which the wheel was

was forced between the wall and the gate-post. Patience on the part of the drivers, and equal coolness on the part of the travellers, soon overcame the difficulty, and no mischief ensued. Arrived at Glen Falloch—inn very bad. Here left the shore of Loch Lomond, passed through a pleasant vale—the pasturage for some miles incomparable—and proceeded for Cree La Roche, over a most dreadful road, and the dreariest country imaginable. A few straggling fir trees, from their scarcity and stinted appearance, gave a stronger idea of the wretched poverty of this country, than the total want of them could have produced. At Cree La Roche dined, or rather attempted it. Fare—All to be had was eggs, barley bannocks, and tolerable porter; together with some smoked salmon, which was dressed; drank some brandy and water, and fell to fishing, while the horses were getting well fed after so long a stage. Weather calm; raised some trout; killed ten or a dozen good fish. Left Cree La Roche as soon as the carriage was ready; and in a few miles one of the hind springs breaking, they were obliged to walk the rest of the stage.

Entered Killin about nine o'clock, passing over a bridge, from whence was seen, by the faint glimmerings of the moon, some singularly broken rocks, over which the water breaking, had a very pleasing and extraordinary effect.

Killin—Though the inn at Cree La Roche was bad, the traveller here is amply recompensed. Never saw a better inn than at Killin—thanks to Lord Breadalbane, who had taken much personal pains to have it rendered commodious. The landlord, it turned out, had been formerly a neighbour of the Colonel's, a lively, *honest Yorkshireman*, who had frequently hunted with his hounds, and knew him well; as did also his wife, a neat, active woman, who soon provided for the party every thing they could wish. Her husband, however, thought it absolutely necessary to deafen their ears with repeated tallyhoes, that might have been readily dispensed with; for how pleasantly soever they may have sounded when upon chase over Ascham Bog, they bore no musical unison at Killin.

July 5.—Day delightful. Sailed down Loch Tay; killed a few trout in the first hour; sport and luck increased the stock, one of which weighed nine pounds: and the Colonel asserts, seconded by Lord Breadalbane's fisherman, who attended, that neither had ever seen such a number and weight of fish taken in one day. After sailing about eight miles, anchored; dined and regaled ourselves plenteously—N. B. These are little epicurean traits which the Colonel never forgets—Made a bottle of rum into milk punch for the attendants, who seemed all ready to have devoured another if it had been offered; in want of that, however, they shewed no dislike to some good bottled porter. After an eulogium upon the various delightful views upon the lake, particularly the beautiful shaped mountain Ben More, the day is concluded by landing at Kenmore.

Arrived at the inn; and the boatman called in, the landlord was consulted what it would be proper to give him and his assistant; who replied—"as they had been found in provisions, five shillings would be quite sufficient;" but, to the surprise of the Colonel and his friends, although he gave him all the small money he had, amounting to nine shillings and sixpence, yet the fellow was dissatisfied, and behaved unhandsomely. Here the author recommends it to gentlemen

to

to make a previous agreement with every countryman whose services they may want, but in particular with a Highlander. Many of them have but one idea, which is, that an Englishman is a walking mint; and they are never satisfied, should a stranger give, as he has done, four times as much as the man would have had from a native, or inhabitant of the spot, for doing the same business. In England, this insatiate expectation is undoubtedly to be frequently met with, but by no means so general and systematic. The Colonel says, a man he employs to walk for his hounds, and other articles he may want, has gone a journey of fifty seven miles in one day, and his constant stipend is three shillings and sixpence a-day, to find himself. A Highlander would think himself well paid with less from a neighbouring inhabitant, but would not be contented with more than double from a stranger; and the fact is, they affect to believe, or they really fancy, no person existing understands the value of money but themselves.

July 6.—Visit Taymouth, the seat of Lord Breadalbane; see it with the more pleasure, having seen it before, during college studies, in the days of juvenility; received every civility from Mrs. Campbell, in the absence of the noble owner, and of course, with these attentions, saw every thing to the greatest advantage. Of this most delightful residence, a beautiful representation is given by Garrard, engraved by Medland.

As the best specimen of the Colonel's descriptive, the following may be selected. The features are so various, so noble, and so majestic, that they surpass the art of the painter; they cannot be done justice to within the compass of a large picture, and must consequently fall short in any engraving on so small a scale as the nature of this work requires. All that could be done, has, in my opinion, been executed by Messrs. Garrard and Medland. The park is happily broken by elegant groups of deer of different colours, and by herds of judiciously chosen, noble, beautifully coloured, and well shaped cattle, gratifying the eye and replenishing the dairy, which are lost on paper, though seen faintly from this situation by the traveller. Taymouth lies in a vale scarce a mile broad, very fertile, and bounded on each side by mountains finely planted. Those on the south are covered with trees, or corn-fields, far up their sides; those on the north are planted with pines and other trees, are vastly steep, and have a most Alpine appearance. The mansion stands in and is surrounded by the park, being one of the very few in which fallow-deer are seen and carefully preserved. The berceau walk, composed of great trees, forming a fine Gothic arch, is very magnificent. The walk on the bank of the Tay is fifty feet wide, and two thousand two hundred yards long; but when completed will extend nearly twice that length, namely, as far as the junction of the Tay with the Lyon. The mansion is an old castle modernized; the most remarkable part of its furniture is the works of the famous Jamieson, the Scotch Vandyke, an *éleve* of this family. That singular performance of his, the genealogical picture, is still in good preservation. It represents the descent of the Argyle Family, of which that of Breadalbane is a branch, has a great many portraits, and is thus inscribed—"The Geneologie of the House of Glenorquhie. Quhair of is descendit sundrie nobil and worthie houses. Jamieson *faciebat*, 1635." Honoured with a dinner, and excellent

additions;

additions; favoured with melons of most delicious flavour, a present from Mrs. C. the noble owner's mother; and drank the health of the Breadalbane Family under a discharge of cannon, and the astonishing echoes it occasioned in the opposite hills were reverberated by the neighbouring ones, in a most pleasing but awful manner.

The following morning, took leave, and, passing through the park, took the road by the Lyon to Invar, where they arrived in the evening. The outside of the inn had a comfortable appearance enough. The landlord received the party very consequentially, but civilly, and gave them information that there being a meeting of surgeons in the house, to examine and decide on a particular case, he was afraid they would be incommoded; but he would use his endeavours to make things as agreeable as possible; and to do him justice he kept his word.

July 8.—Quitted Invar, and proceeded upon their intended route to Blair, after taking "a solid, comfortable breakfast," that they might be the better enabled to endure the day's fatigue, not intending to dine till late. It is matter of admiration, how very exact the Colonel is in his diary of diurnal support, as if he was fearful his readers should be induced to suppose he had made his terrible tour without either eating, drinking, or sleeping.

Reached Fascally; the situation romantic, and much admired; the road from hence to Blair was excellent, running along the banks of the Gary. It extends for a considerable way, and was made entirely at the expence of Lord Breadalbane, who, to facilitate the travelling, has erected over the torrents that rush from the mountains into the lakes, a great number of stone bridges, said by Pennant to be no less than thirty-two. Arrived at the inn, which was found tolerably comfortable; and the Colonel does not omit to mention, that they despatched "a hasty dinner." Visited and viewed the castle, which is a noble pile of building, and the principal ducal residence, seated on an eminence, above a plain watered by the Gary. The house itself not so good as expected: the walls are wonderfully thick, as all old castles are, but have been much reduced in height since the rebellion in 1746, when it was strongly fortified, and held out a close siege. It is said by Pennant, that the culture of rhubarb, under the auspices of the late Duke of Athol, in his plantations here, with an intention of reducing its price, for the benefit of the poor, has met with great success; but the Colonel observes, that he could not trace the least reason to believe it ever existed. Thus it is that "doctors differ," and tourists disagree.

Various insipid recitals and puerile remarks, as well as repetitions of breakfast, dinner, and supper, with killing a perch here and a trout there, satiate the eye, the mind, and memory, by the effect of a sameness that would lull the expectation of the most eager reader to an apathy. Proceed on the journey, in which they pass the Falls of Brewer, having previously passed by several beautiful cascades, and excavated rocks of divers forms. The Falls of Brewer are said by the author to be superior to Pennant's boasted York Cascade. Had he seen this, he never would have mentioned the other.

Reached Dalnacardock, where they found a good breakfast, which the Colonel sublimely observes, "was as ready for them as they for it." Liquors and provisions of all kinds

kinds were plentiful and excellent; no small consolation to a party who, in every page, stood so much in need of them.

Set out the following morning, at eleven, with an intention of killing some snipes*; the servants, with the fishing tackle, provisions, liquors, &c. following. Fished, and killed some very fine trout; but they did not rise eagerly.

Set off, though three o'clock, to a famous lake, a Scotch mile farther. Arrived there, and killed some fish; but they were very little superior in size to the former, and in quantity inferior. Lost time here, but killed thirty trout and one char.

The evening foreboding rain, were obliged to pack up the tackle and decamp; arriving at the inn about eight o'clock, where they found the following Highland dinner just ready for the table—

Hodge Podge.

Pudding. Greens.

Trout and Char.

Roast Mutton—*excellent*.

SECOND COURSE.

Brandered Chickens.

Cold Hams.

Snipes.

Cheshire Cheese. Biscuits.

Wines—Claret, good; Port, the same. Limes, Jamaica Rum, and incomparable Calvert's London Porter.

(To be continued.)

SPORTS OF IMAGINATION, AND DISORDERED NERVES; OR, *The Appearances of Spectres, or Phantoms, accounted for.*

NICOLAI, a Member of the Royal Society of Berlin, some time since presented to that Institution, a Memoir on the subject of a complaint with which he was affected, and one of the singular consequences of which was the representation of various spectres.—M. Nicolai for some years had been subject to a congestion in the head, and was blooded frequently by leeches. After a detailed account of the state of his health, on which he grounds much medical and psychological reasoning, he gives the following interesting narrative—

In the first two months of the year 1791, I was much affected in my mind by several incidents of a very disagreeable nature; and on the 24th of February a circumstance occured which irritated me extremely. At ten o'clock in the forenoon my wife and another person came to console me; I was in a violent perturbation of mind, owing to a series of incidents which had altogether wounded my moral feelings, and from which I saw no possibility of relief, when suddenly I observed at the distance of ten paces from me a figure—the figure of a deceased person. I pointed at it, and asked my wife whether she did not see it. She saw nothing, but being much alarmed, endeavoured to compose me, and sent for the physician. The figure remained some seven or eight minutes, and at length I became a little more calm; and as I was extremely exhausted, I soon afterwards fell into a troubled kind of slumber, which

which lasted for half an hour. The vision was ascribed to the great agitation of mind in which I had been, and it was supposed I should have nothing more to apprehend from that cause; but the violent affection having put my nerves into some unnatural state, from this arose further consequences, which require a more detailed description.

In the afternoon, a little after four o'clock, the figure which I had seen in the morning again appeared. I was alone when this happened; a circumstance which, as may be easily conceived, could not be very agreeable. I went therefore to the apartment of my wife, to whom I related it. But thither also the figure pursued me. Sometimes it was present, sometimes it vanished; but it was always the same standing figure. I can assign no other reason for this apparition than that, though much more composed in my mind, I had not been able so soon entirely to forget the cause of such deep and distressing vexation, and had reflected on the consequences of it, in order, if possible, to avoid them; and that this happened three hours after dinner, at the time when the digestion just begins.

At length I became more composed with respect to the disagreeable incident which had given rise to the first apparition; but though I had used very excellent medicines, and found myself in other respects perfectly well, yet the apparitions did not diminish, but on the contrary rather increased in number, and were transformed in the most extraordinary manner.

After I had recovered from the first impression of terror, I never felt myself particularly agitated by these apparitions, as I considered them to be what they really were, the extraordinary consequences of indisposition; on the contrary, I endeavoured, as much as possible, to preserve my composure of mind, that I might remain distinctly conscious of what passed within me.—I observed these phantoms with great accuracy, and very often reflected on my previous thoughts, with a view to discover some law in the association of ideas, by which exactly these or other figures might present themselves to the imagination. Sometimes I thought I had made a discovery, especially in the latter period of my visions; but on the whole I could trace no connexion which the various figures that thus appeared and disappeared to my sight, had, with my state of mind, or with my employment, and the other thoughts which engaged my attention. After frequent accurate observations on the subject, having fairly proved and maturely considered it, I could form no other conclusion on the cause and consequence of such apparitions than that when the nervous system is weak, and at the same time too much excited, or rather deranged, similar figures may appear in such a manner as if they were actually seen and heard; for these visions in my case were not the consequence of any known law of reason, of the imagination, or of the otherwise usual association of ideas; and such also is the case with other men, as far as we can reason from the few examples we know.

The origin of the individual pictures which present themselves to us, must undoubtedly be sought for in the structure of that organization by which we think; but this will always remain no less inexplicable to us than the origin of these powers by which consciousness and fancy are made to exist.

The figure of the deceased person never appeared to me after the first dreadful day; but several other figures shewed themselves afterwards

wards very distinctly; sometimes such as I knew, mostly, however, of persons I did not know; and amongst those known to me, were the semblances of both living and deceased persons, but mostly the former; and I made the observation, that acquaintance with whom I daily conversed, never appeared to me as phantasms; it was always such as were at a distance. When these apparitions had continued some weeks, and I could regard them with the greatest composure, I afterwards endeavoured, at my own pleasure, to call forth phantoms of several acquaintance, whom I for that reason represented to my imagination in the most lively manner, but in vain. For however accurately I pictured to my mind the figures of such persons, I never once could succeed in my desire of seeing them externally; though I had some short time before seen them as phantoms, and they had perhaps afterwards unexpectedly presented themselves to me in the same manner. The phantoms appeared to me in every case involuntarily, as if they had been presented externally, like the phenomena in nature, though they certainly had their origin internally; and at the same time I was always able to distinguish with the greatest precision phantasms from phenomena. Indeed, I never erred in this, as I was in general perfectly calm and self-collected on the occasion. I knew extremely well, when it only appeared to me that the door was opened and a phantom entered, and when the door really was opened, and any person came in.

It is also to be noted, that these figures appeared to me at all times, and under the most different circumstances equally distinct and clear. Whether I was alone or in company, by broad day light equally as in the night time, in my own as well as in my neighbour's house; yet when I was at another person's house, they were less frequent; and when I walked the public street, they very seldom appeared. When I shut my eyes, sometimes the figures appeared, sometimes they remained even after I had closed them. If they vanished in the former case on opening my eyes again, nearly the same figures appeared which I had seen before.

I sometimes conversed with my physician and my wife concerning the phantasms which at the time hovered around me; for in general the forms appeared oftener in motion than at rest. They did not always continue present—they frequently left me altogether, and again appeared for a short or longer space of time, singly or more at once; but in general several appeared together. For the most part I saw human figures of both sexes; they commonly passed to and fro as if they had no connexion with each other, like people at a fair, where all is bustle; sometimes they appeared to have business with one another. Once or twice I saw amongst them persons on horseback, and dogs and birds; these figures all appeared to me in their natural size, as distinctly as if they had existed in real life, with the several tints on the uncovered parts of the body, and with all the different kinds of colours of clothes. But I think, however, that the colours were somewhat paler than in nature.

None of the figures had any distinguishing characteristic; they were neither terrible, ludicrous, nor repulsive; most of them were ordinary in their appearance, some were even agreeable.

On the whole, the longer I continued in this state, the more did the number of phantasms increase and

and the apparitions became more frequent. About four weeks afterwards, I began to hear them speak; sometimes the phantoms spoke with one another; but for the most part they addressed themselves to me; those speeches were in general short and never contained any thing disagreeable. Intelligent and respected friends often appeared to me, who endeavoured to console me in my grief, which still left deep traces in my mind. This speaking I heard most frequently when I was alone; though I sometimes heard it in company, intermixed with the conversation of real persons; frequently in single phrases only, but sometimes even in connected discourse.

Though at this time I enjoyed rather a good state of health, both in body and mind, and had become so very familiar with these phantoms, that at last they did not excite the least disagreeable emotion, but on the contrary afforded me frequent subjects for amusement and mirth; yet as the disorder sensibly increased, and the figures appeared to me for whole days together, and even during the night, if I happened to awake, I had recourse to several medicines, and was at last again obliged to have recourse to the application of leeches to the anus.

This was performed on the 20th of April, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon. I was alone with the Surgeon, but during the operation, the room swarmed with human forms of every description, which crowded fast on one another; this continued till half past four o'clock, exactly the time when the digestion commences. I then observed that the figures began to move more slowly; soon afterwards the colours became gradually paler; and every seven minutes they lost more of their intensity, without any alteration in the distinct figure of the apparitions. About half past six o'clock all the figures were entirely white, and moved very little; yet the forms appeared perfectly distinct; by degrees they became visibly less plain, without decreasing in number, as had often formerly been the case.—The figures did not move off neither did they vanish, which also had usually happened on other occasions. In this instance they dissolved immediately into air: of some even whole pieces remained for a length of time, which also by degrees were lost to the eye. At about eight o'clock there did not remain a vestige of any of them, and I have never since experienced any appearance of the same kind. Twice or thrice since that time I felt a propensity, if I may be allowed so to express myself, or a sensation, as if I saw something which in a moment again was gone. I was even surprised by this sensation while writing the present account, having, in order to render it more accurate, perused the papers of 1791, and recalled to my memory all the circumstances of that time. So little are we sometimes, even in the greatest composure of mind, masters of our imagination.

ACCOUNT
OF
WILL BLAIR THE TROOPER,
AND
HIS HORSE POCKET.

WHEN the representative of the Imperial House of Austria, the young and beautiful Queen of Hungary, Maria Theresa, was environed by the armies of France and Prussia, it was not only her own nobles and subjects that espoused her cause, but, in other countries,

countries, and in kindred souls, were excited the same emotions. At this period, in which the spirit of chivalry seemed to have spread from Presburg to London, many, stimulated by high examples, enlisted to rescue the pragmatic sanction from the dangers that impended, who did not know the meaning of the epithet. Among these was the hero of this little tale, a young Northumbrian, of the name of William Blair, who lived in Drury-lane, and was, like his professional and military ancestor Sir John Hawkwood, a Tailor.

Whether the valiant deeds of this Knight of the Needle, whose fame had erst resounded from pole to pole, had ever come to the knowledge of Will Blair, and had possessed him with a desire to rescue the Hungarian Princess, as the former had the Italian, is unknown; but it is certain, that not only our hero, but a great number of his shop-mates, whose bosoms glowed with military ardour, which seems to have spread through the whole society to which he belonged, entered into the army about the same time. Blair, who was then very handsome, and of an elegant figure, was gladly received into a troop of dragoons, and was in consequence furnished with a horse, to which it appears in the sequel he was very much attached.

Late in the year 1742, the troops of Great Britain arrived in the Netherlands; and, early in the year 1743, under the command of the Earl of Stair, they began their march for the Rhine. It was the fortune of Will Blair and his horse —which, probably from a predilection for his former profession, he had named Pocket—to be among the cavalry sent upon this expedition. The various difficulties which the English army encountered in this enterprise, have been frequently mentioned. The winter, and even the spring of those years, were most uncommonly severe: great part of the troops were frequently without tents, exposed to all the rigours of the season; and as frequently in the danger of starving.

In this trying situation, Will Blair, who it appears had a spice of philosophy in his composition, derived the greatest consolation from his horse Pocket. The friendship that existed betwixt the man and the animal, in this instance, was the admiration of the whole troop. They ate together. The coarse black bread that was the food of Blair, was frequently the food of Pocket: the beans which were the food of Pocket, necessity very often forced Blair to partake of. They drank from the same stream; and when weariness and night forced them to repose in the field, Blair was happy if he could lead Pocket to some rest or hollow, where, while the horse naturally extended himself, his rider lay upon him; and, spreading his cloak over both, in this situation they frequently slept through the hours of darkness, and have sometimes awoke in the morning covered with, nay almost buried in snow.

In this manner did Blair and his horse Pocket—who, when he set out on this expedition, was, like his master, also one of the finest of his species—travel, sharing the roughs and the smooths of the world together. They were in many actions, skirmishes, and battles; particularly that of Dettingen. Their friendship seemed to increase from the dangers to which they were mutually exposed; and every year that passed over their heads, appears to have added to their intimacy.

In the performance of every duty which a horse could owe to a military rider, Pocket was exemplary; and

and every attention that a rider could pay to a horse, even to the abridgment of his own comforts, to add to those of his favourite animal, it was the care of Blair to bestow upon Pocket.

Blair and his horse continued abroad many years; and he was, it is said, contemplating with pleasure the great probability there was of their travelling down the hill of life together, when, in consequence of new arrangements, occasioned by the peace, his regiment was ordered to England. "I hope, my poor Pocket," said Blair, as he was dressing him the next morning, "as we have endured many storms by land, no storm at sea will impede our progress to our native country." This hope of Blair's was fulfilled; the regiment arrived in safety: but, alas! this poor fellow, who had been wounded in Germany, was soon after taken ill, separated from Pocket in consequence, and sent to an hospital; and while he remained in this situation, the troop in which he rode was disbanded, and he, when in some degree recovered, placed in Chelsea College as an invalid.

Here William Blair lived a considerable time. Pocket, whose idea dwelt in his mind, was frequently the theme of his discourse to his companions; but though he had often inquired after him, he remained in total ignorance of his fate. All he could learn was, that he had, with other horses, been sold, when, like his master, he was deemed no longer fit for service. "Alas, poor Pocket!" he would often exclaim, as in traversing the streets he saw a horse that had some resemblance of him, "Alas, poor Pocket! we marched over rough roads in Germany: I had hoped we should have found the ways all smooth in England; but it was not to be." In this disposition of mind, Blair was one day walking along the Strand, and, as was his usual habit, examining every horse he passed, when he came to the stand at St. Clement's Church, where one in a hackney-coach attracted his attention. He sprung to him, and in ecstacy exclaimed—"As sure as I live this is Pocket!"

"Pocket! Pocket!" he repeated, "have you forgot me?" The horse, at the well-known voice of his former master, pricked up his ears, and neighed. "It is! It is Pocket!" cried Blair, throwing his arms round the animal's neck—"It is my old companion. How often, my poor Pocket, have we slept in the field together! what hardships have we endured! and now to see you in this situation!"

By this time the people assembled around, thought Blair in a state of distraction; an opinion which was confirmed, when he flew to an adjacent public house, whence he brought a pot of porter, a bowl, and some bread—"My poor Pocket and I must eat and drink together once more," said Blair. "God forbid any one should hinder you, my friend!" said the master of the coach, who had in the interim come up; "I guess that this was your horse when you was in the army." "It was indeed," said Blair. "I am happy," he continued, "to see you understand each other so well; and will not only join in, but add to your repast."

The people whom this circumstance had drawn together, when they understood the nature of the affair, admired Blair's humanity, and the sagacity of the animal that was the object, and seemed so sensible of it. Several gentlemen made the veteran presents; but what pleased him more than all was, that the coach-master said to him at parting—"My worthy friend, I live

live in Gray's Inn Lane, and whenever you choose to visit Pocket at my yard, I shall be glad to see you; and you may depend upon it, that I shall never bring him to Chelsea with a fair, but I shall stop at the Royal Hospital and inquire for you: therefore let it be your consolation, that you and the animal you are so fond of, may have many future opportunities of eating and drinking together, with the same pleasure you have done this day."

EXTRAORDINARY INSTANCE

OF

DISCIPLINE IN A POINTER.

For the Sporting Magazine.

MR. EDITOR,

AS you have favoured several of my communications on sporting subjects, with an insertion in your valuable and highly entertaining miscellany, and bestowed upon them the most flattering commendations, I think myself authorized to submit the following observations and remarks to your intelligent readers.

When I was a partridge-shooting, with another gentleman, in the neighbourhood of Derby, last season, after having had an excellent day's sport, and meeting with a profusion of game, my powder failed me. Just as I was going to a farm-house which stood nigh, to inquire for a replenishment of ammunition, my pointer suddenly clapped down; I, however, continued my course, after having, in the language understood by dogs, given him a strict injunction to maintain his station until my return. When I arrived at the farm-house, the owner told me he could not furnish me with powder; but when I expressed to him my extreme solicitude to obtain a supply, in order to prolong my day's sport, he agreed to lend me one of his hackneys to ride to a neighbouring village, at about two miles and a half distance. I therefore joyfully acceded to his proposal, and set off. But when I arrived at the shop of the ironmonger of the village, I was suddenly seized with the most violent pangs and spasms in my stomach, which excruciated me with the acutest tortures. What added to my disquietude, was my inability to prosecute the pleasures of the day, and my anxiety at leaving my dog, oppressed with fatigue, and wearied with expectation, in such a disagreeable and trying a situation. I, however, bore my misfortunes with all possible fortitude and resignation, and awaited the cessation of my pains, and the return of morn, with as much indifference as an ardent sportsman, placed in so singular a dilemma, could possibly command. On the first appearance of dawn, I hastily hurried to the scene of action, with the most extreme trepidation and solicitude. When I arrived, to my astonishment, I found the poor faithful animal in precisely the same posture and situation as I left him. After encouraging him with my blandishments, we put up a large covey of 21 partridges; upon which I levelled my piece, and had the high luck to bring down six of the birds, which compensated for my former disappointment. I pursued my good fortune the whole day, and when I arrived at home, I computed that I had killed, on that and the preceding day, 52 brace of birds. The pointer which I have been here celebrating, as the paragon of discipline, docility, and beauty, is descended from a famous breed of the Earl of E——nt; is of good

size; a brown and white shag; and of the finest proportion of limbs. I think I never heard of a dog remaining on his post with such pertinacious obedience to his master's commands, as to retain the same position for upwards of 12 hours.

A Hunter of Canine Anecdotes.

SOMETHING OF THE MARVELLOUS.

To the Editors of the Sporting Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,

AS you frequently surprise and entertain your readers with instances of the fidelity and sagacity of the canine species, I doubt not you will readily communicate an authentic and indubitable fact of the comprehensive powers, and effective execution, of a horse, now in the possession of Mr. Richards, near North Audley Street, in Oxford Street; where sportsmen who have doubts upon the subject may wipe away their incredulity, by a personal view of the circumstance recited.

This horse is an old favourite of the owner, and so averse to give trouble in the routine of stable discipline, that, in obedience to the call of nature, he will, when standing in his stall, take off his own halter, open the stable-door, leisurely stalk to the pump, take the handle in his mouth, pump the water into the trough, and, prudently quenching his thirst, quietly return to the stable.

Though a horse of this description may not be perfectly qualified for a First Consul, there is little doubt but his assistance might add to the strength of a weak administration. Your's truly,

VERITAS.

London, August, 1804.

THE YOUNG AND WONDERFUL ROSCIUS.

Theatre Royal, Edinburgh.

THE above theatre was opened, for the present season, with the tragedy of "Douglas," for the purpose of introducing, as the hero of the piece, a boy of twelve or thirteen years old, who has been for some months distinguished in Ireland, and more lately in Glasgow, by the appellation of the "Young Roscius!"

That a child, in whom reason cannot be supposed mature, should be able to conceive, far less to delineate, the various emotions which agitated the shepherd and the hero, we did not venture to expect. Genius has often effected its emancipation from the trammels of poverty, obscurity, and depression; and the silent workings of its powerful impulse, have supplied the place of experience and learning: but that the infant faculties should keep pace with those of maturity, is, perhaps, scarcely less wonderful than that—what has in no instance been seen—the physical power of that period of helplessness should equal the vigour of confirmed manhood. Early and very wonderful dawnings of genius have been displayed in the cultivation of some of the sciences, in arithmetic, and more frequently in music; but the science of mind, and the attainments connected with it, have almost invariably been reserved for the investigation of riper age.

With such impressions, we atteded the representation of Douglas; not doubting but that our eyes might be entertained with happily caught attitudes, or our ears with melodious imitations: but that we should witness a clear, correct,

correct, and comprehensive conception of the author; a chaste, powerful, and original delineation of the character; we certainly did not expect. Our astonishment and delight, therefore, at actually finding this rare combination exhibited in the performance of this wonderful boy, may be readily conceived.

His appearance, on his first entrance, chiefly engaged the attention by its extreme juvenility. He is gracefully formed; but he is not, as we understand, more than twelve years old, and he looks still younger. His face, too, though very pleasing, has all the smoothness of boyhood; and, from the necessary faintness of those lines by which the passions too legibly indicate their existence in maturer age, it was not easy to anticipate a powerful delineation of emotions which could hardly be supposed to exist in the breast of the performer. But no sooner had he entered upon his part, than his superiority was fully exhibited; he speedily took full possession of the audience; and after the scene with Lady Randolph, in which she reveals to him the secret of his birth, the spectator was involuntarily, and almost unconsciously, led to try him, not by a standard accommodated to his inexperience and his youth, but by one arising from the clear perception of the poet's beauties, and the recollection of what had been previously done for the character by the very first performers of the part.

To this admirable scene, we certainly never did see greater justice done; seldom, very seldom, so much. In the previous progress of the part, the youthful candidate had exhibited the ardent and aspiring shepherd, panting for honour and distinction, yet repressed by modest timidity and ingenuous diffidence. In this scene, his performance breathed all the wildness of joy, the enthusiasm of filial love, tempered by reverential awe, the triumphant consciousness of noble descent, and the nobler dignity of in-born worth. Never did we see those feelings more chastely conceived, more beautifully blended, or more powerfully expressed. His address to his mother was more peculiarly admirable. The taunting scene with Glenalvon was also excellent; and, in general, those passages were most prominently so in which ardent feelings were to be expressed. It is not by any means to be understood, however, that he was defective in the descriptive and declamatory scenes. On the contrary, his account of the hermit was the evident result of clear and accurate discrimination; and the burst of feeling with which he announced the catastrophe of the sage, was the genuine offspring of nature.

But the dying scene was beyond all comparison the finest. We have seen Mr. Kemble and others in the part; and, with a clear perception of all the hazard we encounter, we hesitate not to deliver it as our opinion, that if any previous performer has equalled, not one has excelled this astonishing child, in the delineation of life's closing scene. His voice was clear, melodious, and articulate to the last; and yet so naturally, and so accurately, did its receding murmurs indicate the increasing debility of expiring nature, that each plaintive accent seemed its final effort.

The dropping of the curtain was accompanied by the rapturous and reiterated applauses of the audience, whose tears had previously borne less equivocal testimony to the merits of the performer.

It would be easy to enlarge upon other particulars of the performance;

ance; but it is probable we may be thought to have already said too much. We shall close our account, therefore, with a few general remarks.

The readings, deportment, conception, and whole manner, are entirely his own. He is, so far as we can judge, entirely original. He not only does not imitate the first performers of the day, but he is remarkably contrasted with almost all of them.

Every one knows that the school of Garrick is now no more. The fire, the rapidity, the impassioned gestures, the quick and exhaustless variety, which characterized it, have given place to awful dignity, to stern elevation, to savage wildness, and to eccentric grief.

It seems to have been the aim of this infant performer—if any aim can be ascribed to that which most probably is the resistless dictate of nature—to renovate that school. His whole acting, at least, is founded on its principles. It is rapid, natural, and easy. He has no artificial pauses, no affected modulation, no statue-like attitudes. Every word he utters seems the immediate result of the feeling which prompts it; and if his gestures are seldom characterized by elaborate smoothness and grace, they are uniformly true to character and to passion.

It is difficult to pronounce respecting the height to which this phenomenon may one day attain; or whether, like many others—all of them, however, we contend, less wonderful—he may blaze for a day, and set in obscurity. But this we do say, that when a veteran performer shall exhibit the powers of this child, he will be entitled to the praise of no ordinary performer in the Dramatic Art.

A RAMBLE FROM BATH TO BRISTOL.

The Game of Backgammon—The Coal Pits—The Club of Philosophers—Kanesom Village—Presentation of Colours—The Squabble — The Reply — Arrival at Bristol.

Go, live to pleasure—Reason says 'tis right,
Provided always, no one suffers by't:
Let acts of kindness mingle with your sweets;
The heart's best form'd that still to friendship beats:
And true philosophy prefers the way
Advis'd by reason, and content makes gay.
Time steals apace; 'tis he improves it best
Who bridles passion with a pointed jest:
Shoot sharp at folly; 'tis a lawful game,
If candour's eye directs the sportsman's aim.
Go, mount your hobby-horse, and ride it fair;
The whim that's harmless takes the stings from care.

THE GAME OF BACKGAMMON.

THE first thing I did this morning, after taking refreshment, was to turn to the Post-office for letters, having determined, if possible, to quit Bath, and take my dinner in the city of Bristol. I had scarcely entered the iron gates, when, to my great delight, I beheld, waiting at the wicket, my friend Mr. Otto-Boo, the Indian gentleman I was so fortunate as to rescue from the mob at Windsor; and what was still more agreeable, he had settled all things at Pickwick's, and had a similar inclination to leave this salubrious region, though the centre of elegance and urbanity. After a hearty salutation, in the old English way, we agreed

agreed to walk together, and take the upper way through Newton and Kanesom.

As we were progressing along the meadows, by the side of the Avon, we perceived, at some distance, a concourse of spectators crowding together, like cattle in a public fair. Upon inquiry for what purpose they were met, we learned it was to behold the back of a young soldier lacerated for a breach of duty. It appeared the fellow had robbed a hen-roost, and that the property was found in his quarters. The farmer wished not to deliver him up to the civil power; but, leaving the affair to the regiment, the aggressor was now to receive a punishment commensurate to his crime.

Having no such cruel curiosity, and unwilling to hear the cries of a man enduring the punishment of a dog, my companion and myself made the best of our way to lose sight of the crowd, and the meadows of Twirton. By this time a hasty shower forced us to take shelter at a public house near the bridge, called the Battery Mills. As we entered a parlour, we beheld a gentleman in military uniform, who, like ourselves, had been driven there from the tempest. The rain fell with great rapidity, and the clouds seemed congregating; so that our intention to reach Bristol by dinner-time, seemed wholly defeated: however, after a few unpleasant reflections on our situation, we began to make up our minds to return again to Bath city. The rain redoubled its fury: the thunder and lightning now became more dreadful than at the beginning of the storm; and patience was apparently our only consolator. The officer, a very pleasant young man, endeavoured, however, by his affability, to divert the moments till the elements should become more favourable.

Upon a round table, in the centre of the room, was spread a backgammon-table, with all its appurtenances, as if persons had been lately playing at that game. "Come, gentlemen," said the officer, "as chance has thrown us together, suppose we divert ourselves with her instruments, till the tempest give us leave to separate: which of you will take the box?" For my part, I declared off; protesting the truth, that I had an aversion to all kind of play, and that I knew nothing of the tables. Mr. Otto-Boo said, he had once been an adept, while he served in India with Stringer Lawrence. "Did you serve with Stringer Lawrence?" said the officer. "I had that honour," answered Mr. Otto-Boo; "but, disgusted with the service, I threw it up for what I conceive to be a more rational pursuit—a peaceable life—and never mean to enter the limits of a camp again while I have existence." I am no advocate for games of chance, but, on most occasions, their greatest enemy; yet there are situations into which gentlemen may be sometimes thrown, from which it may be found difficult to recede: for this reason, I would make myself a master of these arts, or be totally ignorant of them. The utility of this kind of knowledge—if I may use the epithet—will be fully shewn in the sequel.

"Come, Sir," said the Colonel, distributing the pieces, "what shall we play for? Name a trifle." This was done in a whisper; and the gentlemen sat down to play. From the rapidity of the movements, the game was soon over, and the Indian victor! At the Colonel's request, the sum was doubled; but with as little success on his side as before.

before. Time moved on with his usual fleetness; but fortune stood aloof from the hero. His patience forsook him; and, in one of those paroxysms which transports modest nature from her propriety, he threw the dice into the fire-place, and, taking a card of address from his pocket-book, gave Mr. Otto-Boo an acknowledgement for his losings, requesting that gentleman would have the politeness to send to his quarters, and the obligation should be discharged upon application.

At this moment a serjeant entered the room, to acquaint his honour the soldier was at the halberts, and that he waited for his honour's orders. Close at the serjeant's heels followed a beautiful young woman, with two fine cherubic boys, one in each hand. Overcome with affliction, she threw herself at the Colonel's feet, and, in the most humiliating way, implored him to spare her husband this time, if not on her account, for the sake of her little ones. " I cannot do it," said the Colonel; " he must undergo his sentence: besides, he is young and strong, and can turn off five hundred as well as any man in the regiment; and a good flogging will teach him to be more careful, when he again steals poultry, how he is found out for a thief, and not to bring disgrace upon his profession as a soldier."

Still the poor woman pleaded for her husband. I saw the glassy tears, as she spoke, glide over the native rouge of her innocent face; while the children held up their little hands for their father. The sight was piteous in the extreme. Mr. Otto-Boo turned away his face: he could not refrain the tear! It was the tear of humanity; and I am sure if all her Majesty's store of diamonds had been before me, I should have neglected them with indifference, to look on the more brilliant gem that hung upon the tawny cheek of my associate. Mr. Otto-Boo beckoned the Colonel to the passage without the room. They were absent a few minutes. The moment the Colonel returned, he wrote a note, and, having folded it—" Here," said he to the serjeant, " give this to the adjutant:—And do you go with him, young woman," addressing himself to the soldier's wife, with a smile; who dropped a courtesey, took her little ones, and followed the old soldier to Twirton Meadows.

The sun, as if it delighted to look on a good action, that instant beamed again in all its lustre; the exhausted clouds fled thin towards the north; and the whole face of surrounding nature renewed its beauties; while music filled the hedges, and fragrance the atmosphere.

We politely took leave of the Colonel, and again pursued our journey towards the great city of Bristol. " How is this?" said I to Mr. Otto-Boo, as we were going. " I will dissipate the mystery," returned the Indian: " when I called the Colonel to the door, it was to destroy in his presence the obligation he had just given me for the sum I had won of him at the table, and to petition in favour of that poor young woman. The Colonel was a gentleman: he gave me his honour; and the paper you saw him write, was to release the husband. As for myself, though I consented to double the stake every time, it was only to give the Colonel an opportunity to win back what he had lost; and then my intention was to give up the table. However, I am glad I sat down with him, as it has been the means of releasing a fellow creature from the

the most humiliating punishment that can disgrace the body of man; but more particularly, I rejoice at the accident, as it has wiped away the tears from the bright eyes of that charming young creature, whose fate is already too severe, in being doomed to be the drudge of a foot-soldier.

THE COAL PITS.

What a delightful landscape now breaks upon the sight! The new stone bridge, like a silver arch rising in the air, together with the mansion of Sir Cæsar Hawkins at a distance, are objects most worthy the traveller's attention.

We were by this time at the Newton coal pits; and, having a desire to examine the internal economy of the place, entered the counting-house, and requested permission to descend. A couple of smock frocks were provided; we entered a capacious basket, and, by the revolutions of a winch, presently fathomed the regions below. We were 130 feet from the surface, and soon found—to say with Milton—

Darkness visible.

After advancing a few paces—

——— The universal host up sent
A shout that tore hell's concave, and beyond
Frighted the reign of chaos and old night:

For the labourers were rudely singing ditties to the sound of their instruments.

Beside many alleys which they had made, we entered one that had almost the appearance of an aisle in a religious edifice, where the luminous body by which we were enabled to behold the efforts of their industry appeared, of peculiar invention, and greatly attracted our attention. It was formed of a cast iron wheel, faced with a three-inch hoop of hardened steel, the whole about three feet in diameter, working vertically within another hoop of the same material, in which was firmly fixed, at certain distances, large flint stones. The power that gave velocity to this machine was a lever worked by a man's foot. The effect to a stranger was at once brilliant and alarming; for the circular radiance it emitted afforded a pleasure, but the continued noise of the wheel against the flints was enough to affect a person with stronger nerves than either I or my friend possessed, and we were soon glad to remove from the horrid din.

I inquired of a workman, if the light of lamps or candles would not be found more to their comfort and advantage? He told me, every light of that nature had been found dangerous, and they were for that reason forbid the use of flame-light of every description. To elucidate the danger, he told me, when he was a young man, it was his fate to be one of several unfortunate men belonging to a pit near Carlisle, when, in sinking a cylinder, they started a spring, which soon forced them above ground; and that, when the engineer had for some weeks been drawing off the water, through impatient curiosity, he fastened a lanthorn, with a lighted candle in it, and let it down into the cylinder, to ascertain how fast the engine had increased upon the spring. The moment the flame met the ignitible vapours, an explosion took place, which tore the mouth of the pit in a tremendous manner. The engineer and three others were struck dead, and himself sadly scorched and wounded, of which his body still bore evident marks. Such he assured me, was the dreadful effects of a blazing light, where foul vapours were continually arising, and diffusing through

through space pent up from external air.

By this time, what with the horrors of the place, and the pitman's story, my companion and I were desirous of changing the terrors of hell for the cheering light of all-surrounding heaven. We were quickly again in the basket; and, being once more out of danger, returned our coverings to the very accommodating and friendly person who contributed so much to our gratification.

For a while, the mind of Mr. Otto-Boo seemed as gloomy as the pits from whence we had arisen. At length, breaking from a revery, that gentleman thus began to articulate—"How much are the public indebted to those industrious labourers! The privations they submit to for our comforts, there can be no compensation to equal. Doomed, year after year, to be shut from the face of the sun, to breathe a pestilential atmosphere, and to run the risk every hour of being blown to pieces, merits a remuneration beyond that so wickedly obtained by stock-jobbers, church-living hunters, place procurers, pimps, palaverers, ministerial myrmidons, and state jugglers of every denomination." The beauty of the farms and the meadows quickly dissipated the gloom that hung about us, and we merrily entered the town of Keynsham.

A CLUB OF PHILOSOPHERS.

As the heat was extreme, and not a breeze stirring, we entered the first inn that presented. The family was all in a bustle: every toe seemed busy, and every face wore a smile. It was not long before we knew the cause: the whole house were preparing for the Keynsham club; and the waiter, mistaking Mr. Otto-Boo and myself for two of the members, we were respectfully ushered into this school of Plato. The floor was covered with green rushes, fresh from the pool; the fire-irons had been removed, to give place to one of the largest bouquets I had ever beheld, from which spread a fragrance too powerful to be excluded the external element; a long table, encompassed with chairs, divided the space; and there was one seat more elevated for the president, before which was placed a large and handsome folio. The very decorations were incentive to moral and natural knowledge. Here was one of the ancient philosophers, at the entrance of a cave, contemplating with admiration a skeleton of the human frame. Next to that, the Parthian soldiers pouring liquid gold in at the mouth of the covetous Crassus, while one figure, more prominent than the rest, seemed to deliver this famous sentence—"Let him who never could be satisfied with gold while living, be filled with it, now that he is dead." Near this was the vanquished king, on a funeral pile, calling on the name of Solon the sage. And, to finish the series, Mutius Scævola resolutely burning off the hand that mistook the courtier for the tyrant Porsenna. A few plaster busts were also distributed between; but those most interesting to the philosophic mind, were Franklin, Washington, Alfred, Priestley, and Jebb.

While we were admiring these adornments, the landlord, a very pleasant man, entered the apartment, when, acquainting him we were strangers, last from Bath, he, with the greatest good nature, gave us welcome, and then informed us of what we were most desirous to know. "We have," said he, "a club held here always, on the Wednesday nearest the full moon: it is called the Philosophers' Club, and consists

consists of a number of very respectable characters of this neighbourhood.

"We have seven excisemen, two schoolmasters, the clerk of our parish, three clerks from the copper-mills below; besides many wealthy millers, farmers, and sportsmen of the county. Lawyers and methodists are always excluded. After the deliberations of the club are over, they are the merriest set of men in the whole world. The only expence to become a member is sixpence, which is put in a box, and given once a year to the secretary, to buy him a new great coat.

"This great book," continued he, "contains all their wisdom. Any person may send a question in writing, and if it be rational, not sceptical, nor any way bordering on ribaldry or religion, it is publicly read, and, if approved, entered in this folio, for some one to answer; but the answer, like the question, must be first deliberated on in full convocation, and, if approved, entered beneath the question, with the name of the philosopher whose wisdom is thought worthy to contribute to the general stock."

This information again inflamed my curiosity; and, placing my hand on the great book, requested permission to examine its contents. The landlord assured me there could be nothing more grateful to the society; that they had no secrets, nor did they wish to have any, but, like true philosophers, unfolded their efforts to the light; for their intentions were innocent, and their first wishes public gratification.

As he spoke this, I opened the volume; and, on the pages before me, appeared these ebullitions of their moon-illuminated philosophy—

"Question, by John Sharp, schoolmaster—

"Pray tell me, you of philosophic mould,
Why cuts the razor better hot than cold?"

"Answered by Jabaz Blount, chemist, of Bristol—

"Heat from the centre calls the sleeping spirits,
And swift the razor's edge new force inherits."

"Question by Jefferey Holmes, schoolmaster—

"Is the Hydra Lernæa wholly fabulous?"

"Answered by William Dyke, parish clerk—

"No! Every mercenary government is a living hydra; because it becomes the many-headed monster that devours all things but itself, and so shall continue to do, while virtue is held in disrespect. But this will not always be the case; for though virtue be oppressed, she cannot be annihilated: evil power may cut off her hair; may gag her mouth, and bind her hands in cords; but virtue shall at length break all her bands asunder, and, like Sampson, destroy the Philistines."

"Question by Thomas Bowsey, miller—

"How are the deliberations of this society likely to become useful to its members?"

"Answered by William Dyke, parish clerk—

"While men meet soberly together, and exercise their reasoning faculties, they 'become as gods, knowing good and evil;' and, as ignorance is the bolt that rivets the chains of slavery, so the light of reason teaches man to cast them off, and to walk upright and cheerful, as becomes the image of their Creator. Thus we become useful

to each other, and, in turn, subjugate that tyranny which reduces men to the level of their domestic cattle."

"Symptoms of mingling politics with their philosophy," said my friend, as I closed the great book. And now, satisfied with the harmless pursuits of this club of sages, we left the inn, perfectly refreshed, and turned to examine the beauties of

KEYNSHAM,

One of the pleasantest and most healthful villages in all England; and I know of no spot to which I would recommend the valetudinarian so soon as to this, for the six summer months. The top of the hill, on which the town stands, forms a gentle curvature. There is but one range of building, all of white stone, and a most beautiful church of the same material. It is bounded to the eastward by the Lansdown hills, and admits of no great prospect; but the range of valley below—through which winds the Avon—from north to south, is delectable. There is a singularity at the north entrance I have never before observed. The houses, which are of great antiquity, have iron spindles rising from their tops, with a figure on each represe ting a sky-lark, with its wings extended; which, altogether, have not only a very pretty effect, but serve as attractors and conductors of the electrical fluid.

The late Dr. Franklin, in passing through this town to Bristol, observed, that, what with the ferreous attractors above, and the female attractors below, he should take Keynsham for the chief *electrum* of England.

PRESENTATION OF COLOURS.

As we left the skirts of this pleasant hamlet, we were saluted with a band of martial music. The Right Hon. Lady Poulett was presenting a volunteer corps with their colours—

She took the silken prize, and, with a smile—
The loyal corps attentive all the while—
Thus spoke—"Accept this gift, ye social band;
Nor less esteem it from a female hand:
Beneath its blaze our sacred rights maintain;
Nor let dishonour tinge it with a stain:
Remember still—They fight in virtue's cause,
Who guard their King! their Liberty! and Laws!"
Thus said, a plaudit roam'd the air at large;
For inspiration follow'd with the charge.

The arms were—Sable, three swords in pile; the points in base, argent; hilts and pomels, or: and the motto—

"Dulce est pro patria mori."

TRANSLATED—

It is a sweet thing to die for our country—

which, as I pronounced aloud to Mr. Otto-Boo, that gentleman exclaimed—"It is infinitely more sweet and pleasant to have no occasion for the sacrifice!"

THE SQUABBLE.

The above exclamation being taken by a bye-stander in a meaning that never once entered the brain of my liberal minded friend, it called up the greatest abuse imaginable; and I, with some difficulty, a second time rescued him from the violence of a troublesome mob.

When we were far enough from the scene of action, I could not help lamenting the brutality of the people towards my Gentoo friend. But he had no resentment; and only made the following reply—

THE

THE REPLY.

"If you would live in good terms with the world, you must take men as you find them. To be always fishing for human perfection, is to undertake the task of our Indian divers: you may make a thousand attempts before you find one pearl. All ages are not equally virtuous; and the principles of those who hold the rule, have a wonderful effect on those who are to be guided by it. When the spirit of a government becomes that of the wolf, the mass of the people will naturally imbibe that of the fox: and when this is the case, a wise man has only to take good care of his poultry. It is only under the reign of wisdom, peace, and moderation, that the cardinal virtues are to be found most lovely."

ARRIVAL AT BRISTOL.

For the last two hours, the sun had been so powerful, that no remains of the morning tempest were to be seen. The dust began again to rise, and a strong breeze from the south-west put it disagreeably in motion; and we were glad to take up with the first respectable house, at the entrance of St. Thomas's-street, Bristol. Your's, &c.

T. N.

COMPETITION OF PIPERS:

ALSO

BROAD-SWORD, HIGHLAND DANCING, &c.

THE annual competition for prizes, given by the Highland Society of London, to the three best performers on the great Highland bagpipe, was held, on the 24th ult. in the Theatre Royal at Edinburgh, in presence of a Committee of Judges, named by the Highland Society of Scotland, and of a more numerous audience than on any former occasion, among whom were noticed the greater proportion of the nobility and gentry then in town.

The first prize, being a handsome pipe, properly mounted, and adorned with a silver plate, upon which there has since been engraved the proper inscription, together with forty merks Scots money, was adjudged by the Committee, and the pipe delivered by Colonel A. Macgregor Murray, their preses, attended by Sir John Sinclair, Sir John Macgregor Murray, Barts. General Macdonald, Mr. Lamont, of Lamont, Colonel Grant, Inverness-shire Militia, and the other Members of the Committee, in presence of the audience, to Malcom Macgregor, from Glasgow, who had formerly gained second and third prizes.

The second prize, being thirty merks, was adjudged to Finlay M'Leod, from Glenmoriston, and piper to the late Argyleshire Militia.

The third prize, being also thirty merks, was voted to John M'Arthur, from Ulva, piper to Ranald Macdonald, Esq. of Staffa.

Colonel A. Murray, in delivering the prizes, addressed himself to the preferred competitors, strongly recommending a continuance of their exertions to attain still greater perfection as performers on the bagpipe, and in particular, that Malcolm Macgregor, an excellent and scientific player, to whom the first prize had been adjudged, should open an academy at Glasgow, for instructing young performers in this ancient national music. Afterwards the preses, at the desire of the Committee, called for Alexander Mackay, Piper Major to the Canadian Fencibles, and informed

informed him, that his style of playing had also met with the particular approbation of the judges, and that his merit would be accordingly attended to in the distribution of the money.

From the great improvement made by the different performers on this warlike instrument, since the annual competition has taken place, the Committee had the satisfaction to find, that in general those who appeared were good players, and met with approbation from the numerous and genteel company who attended.

Besides the competitors, Duncan M'Nab, formerly piper to the Laird of M'Nab, now to the Invernessshire Militia; Donald Robertson, piper to the Edinburgh Royal Highland Volunteer Regiment, who had formerly gained prizepipes; and Donald M'Lean, piper to the Society; performed various salutes and pieces of music in an excellent style.

The audience were also much entertained with dancing of Highland reels, introduced between the acts. The competitors in this sport were repeatedly encored by the company, and received suitable premiums from the Committee.

From the increased countenance and support which not only those connected with the Highlands, but in general the company who are in town at the races, are pleased to give to this annual competition and exhibition, the Judges were much gratified to find, that from the receipts of the Theatre, on the day of competition, with the sum allowed by the London Society, they were enabled to give additions in money to the competitors who obtained the second and third prizes, besides making a handsome division among the unsuccessful candidates—some of whom had come from a great distance—to encourage them to further exertions and improvements in this ancient, warlike, and national music, and likewise among the dancers of Highland reels.

On the suggestion of Sir John Sinclair, the Committee directed a certain number of copies of a treatise "On the Theory, Principle, and Practice, of the Great Highland Bagpipe Music," lately published by the Rev. Mr. Patrick Macdonald, minister of Kilmore and Kilbride, Argyleshire, to be delivered to such of the performers on this instrument as have made the greatest progress in improvement. This valuable work was composed upwards of forty years ago, by the deceased Mr. Jo. Macdonald, the brother to the publisher, then an officer of the East India Company, and discovered in Bengal, by Sir John Macgregor Murray, and sent some years since to the brother of the composer, who has now given it to the public, whose patronage of a work that will fix permanently the favourite music of ancient heroes, cannot be doubted.

The judges of the competition, farther, on the motion of Sir John Macgregor Murray, resolved, that it will be proper in future to encourage, by suitable premiums, at this annual exhibition, the practice of the broad-sword exercise, or cudgel; the dancing of Strathspeys, called Twasoms; and other species of Highland dancing.

The thanks of the Committee were unanimously voted to his Grace the Duke of Buccleugh, the Earl of Dalkeith, and Sir James St. Clair Erskine, Bart. for having, in the handsomest and most obliging manner, at the request of the Committee, put off the sailing match of boats, advertised for Tuesday, to another day, so as not to interfere with this national exhibition.

A DOG

A DOG TAUGHT THE USE OF SPEECH:

And Fine Breed of Alpine Dogs now in Staffordshire, &c.

For the Sporting Magazine.

MR. EDITOR,

THE celebrated Leibnitz communicated, some little time ago, a well authenticated account of a dog, in Germany, which belonged to a peasant, and had been taught by the peasant's son, by excessive care and trouble, to speak, and could articulate thirty words. The words were first pronounced twice or thrice; and he repeated them after his master. Leibnitz affirms, that he himself absolutely heard him speak. The members of the academy declared, that they should by no means have paid any attention to so wonderful an account, unless the fact had been solemnly attested by so celebrated a man as Leibnitz.—Zeitz, in Misnia, had the honour of producing this wonderful animal.

The North Americans use well-trained dogs to tend their flocks, as we do for our sheep. Whole troops of horses are kept together by this single industrious animal. If any of the troop attempt to stroll away, the dog will immediately fly at the horse, head him, and bring him back to his company.

A little spaniel of mine, some time ago, seeing a full sized, very well painted oil picture of his master, recognised the likeness, and, jumping upon a chair, licked the face of the picture.

But, to return; in some parts of Siberia, they make use of dogs as they do of horses, and train them to draw carriages from one place to another. A very respectable gentleman, in Staffordshire, has now a very fine breed of Alpine dogs; four of which he sometimes yokes to a sledge, which they draw with great ease, with two people in it.

Nothing is more cruel, than not to take care that a dog that is chained up has plenty of water. It appears to be more necessary to the dog than food: he drinks frequently, though not in great quantity; and it is supposed he runs mad, when abridged of water.

THE MAMMOTH.

THE following article is copied from the New York Daily Advertiser—

"Philadephia, June 5.—It is with some interest that I have learned from the Baron Humboldt, who has been five years travelling through South America, that, among other curious animal remains, he has—and he is the first that has—discovered several specimens of the Mammoth, perfectly distinguished by the great carnivorous teeth.

"He has found them as far as latitude 33 south, but always on the highest mountains; which the Baron takes to be a satisfactory proof that this great unknown must have been, as has been generally supposed, the inhabitant of a cold climate.

"In North America none of these bones have ever been found but in comparatively low situations. This is to be expected of an animal which, in a cold climate, would inhabit the valleys, and, in a warm one, would seek the cool retreats of the mountains.

"REMBRANDT PEALE."

NEW

NEW LISTS OF GOLD CUPS, &c. WON AT DONCASTER AND RICHMOND, YORKSHIRE.

FOR the following, we are obliged to a very accurate correspondent; and though a similar List to the above was given in our fourth and fifth volumes, in 1794-5, the present not only comes down to 1803, including eight additional years, but further, contains a part of the pedigree of each horse, not included in the former Lists.

GOLD CUPS WON AT DONCASTER.

Owners of the Horses.	*Year.*	*Cups.*	*Horses Names.*	*Got by.*	*Dam by.*
Lord A. Hamilton	1766	1	Charlotte	Blank	Slip by
Duke of Cleveland	1767	2	Meaburn	Mirza	
Mr. Bethell	1768	3	Laura	Lofty	Regulus
Mr. W. Castle	1769	4	Tantrum	Cripple	Hampton Court Childers
Mr. Fenton	1770	5	Liberty	Turner's Sweepstakes	Old Cade
Mr. Wentworth	1771	6	Mark	Young Mogul	Tartar
Ditto	1772	7	Ditto	Ditto	Ditto
Hon. J. S. Barry	1773	8	Forrester	Dionysius	Regulus
Sir Harry Harpur	1774	9	Juniper	Snap	Blank
Ditto	1775	10	Ditto	Ditto	Ditto
Sir Thomas Gascoigne	1776	11	Tuberose	Herod	Bolton Starling
Sir Harry Harpur	1777	12	Pilot	Dainty Davy	Blank
Lord Rockingham	1778	13	Phorion	Sampson	Godolphin Arabian
Mr. Bethell	1779	14	Magnum Bonum	Match'em	Swift
Mr. Burdon	1780	15	Duchess	Le Sang	Oroonoko

DONCASTER.

Owners of the Horses.	*Year.*	*Cups.*	*Horses Names.*	*Got by.*	*Dam by.*
Mr. Douglas	1781	16	Crookshanks	Florizel	Brilliant
Ditto	1782	17	Ditto	Ditto	Ditto
Mr. Garforth	1783	18	Faith	Pacolet	Match'em
Sir J. L. Kaye	1784	19	Phenomenon	Herod	Eclipse
Lord A. Hamilton	1785	20	Alexander	Leviathan alias Mungo	Blank
Mr. Garforth	1786	21	Fairy	Highflyer	Young Cade
Sir George Armitage	1787	22	Stargazer	Ditto	Match'em
Duke of Bedford	1788	23	Bustler	Florizel	Ditto
H. R. H. the Prince of Wales	1789	24	Tot	Carabineer	Sampson
Mr. Dodsworth	1790	25	Abba Thulle	Young Marske	Chatsworth
Mr. Hutchinson	1791	26	Young Traveller	King Fergus	Trunion
Ditto	1792	27	Overton	Ditto	Herod
Ditto	1793	28	Oberon	Highflyer	Eclipse
Ditto	1794	29	Beningbrough	King Fergus	Herod
Sir Charles Turner	1795	30	Hambletonian	Ditto	Highflyer
Sir H. V. Tempest	1796	31	Ditto	Ditto	Ditto
Sir Frank Standish	1797	32	Stamford	Sir Peter Teazle	Eclipse
Ditto	1798	33	Ditto	Ditto	Ditto
Sir H. V. Tempest	1799	34	Cockfighter	Overton	Weazle
Mr. Garforth	1800	35	Dion	Spadille	Pacolet
Mr. Wentworth	1801	36	Chance	Lurcher	Hyder Ally
Mr. Brandling	1802	37	Alonzo	Pegasus	Highflyer
Lord Strathmore	1803	38		Pipator	Eclipse

GOLD CUPS WON AT RICHMOND.

Owners of the Horses.	Year.	Cups.	Horses Names.	Got by.	Dam by.
Duke of Cleveland	1759	1	Dainty Davy	Traveller	Fox Cub
Ditto	1760	2	Ditto	Ditto	Ditto
Ditto	1761	3	Ditto	Ditto	Ditto
Ditto	1762	4	Ditto	Ditto	Ditto
Ditto	1763	5	Ditto	Ditto	Ditto
Mr. Hutton	1764	6	Silvio	Cade	Hobgoblin
Mr. Fenwick	1765	7	Le Sang	Changeling	Lord Portmore's Whitenose
Lord Rockingham	1766	8	Shadow	Snap	Young Standard
Mr. Wentworth	1767	9	Chatsworth	Blank	Shepherds Crap
Mr. Hutton	1768	10	Navigator	Adolphus	
Lord Rockingham	1769	11	Jack O	Godolphin Hunter	Traveller
Mr. Bell	1770	12	Denmark	Regulus	Croft's Partner
Mr. Cornforth	1771	13	Shepherdess	Shepherds Crap	Blank
Mr. Hartley	1772	14	Towzer	Alcides	Jessamy
Sir J. L. Kaye	1773	15	Perditta	Herod	Sloe
Mr. Wentworth	1774	16	Ancaster	Blank	Lord Gower's Tortoise
Sir Harry Harpur	1775	17	Pilot	Dainty Davy	Blank
Mr. Stapleton	1776	18	Tuberose	Herod	Bolton Starling
Mr. Bethel	1777	19	Nightingale	Match'em	Cub
Mr. Peirse	1778	20	Tuberose	Herod	Bolton Starling
Mr. Bethel	1779	21	Honest Robin	Black Prince	Regulus
Mr. Burdon	1780	22	Duchess	Le Sang	Oroonoko
Mr. Garforth	1781	23	Weazle	Herod	Eclipse

RICHMOND.

Owners of the Horses.	Year.	Cups.	Horses Names.	Got by.	Dam by.
Sir Rowland Winn	1782	24	Miracle	Le Sang	Syphon
Ditto	1783	25	Ditto	Ditto	Ditto
Sir J. L. Kaye	1784	26	Phenomenon	Herod	Eclipse
Mr. Peirse	1785	27	Rosina	Ameranthus	Herod
Mr. Hutchinson	1786	28	Pitch	Shark	Whistlejacket
Mr. Wentworth	1787	29	Poor Soldier	Eclipse	Omar
Ditto	1788	30	Ditto	Ditto	Ditto
H. R. H. the Prince of Wales	1789	31	Tot	Carabineer	Sampson
Lord Lauderdale	1790	32	Scorpion	Pllnio	Match'em
Mr. Dodsworth	1791	33	Abba Thulle	Young Marske	Chatsworth
Sir J. F. Leicester	1792	34	Smoker	Pilot	Herod
Mr. Clifton	1793	35	Abba Thulle	Young Marske	Chatsworth
Sir John Webb	1794	36	Constant	Highflyer	Snap
Mr. Wilson	1795	37	Eliza	Ditto	Eclipse
Mr. Milbauke	1796	38	Sober Robin	Ruler	Herod
Sir William Gerard	1797	39	Garswood	King Fergus	Chatsworth
Sir H. V. Tempest	1798	40	Lopcatcher	Young Marske	Highflyer
Ditto	1799	41	Cockfighter	Overton	Weazle
Ditto	1800	42	Richmond	Walnut	Paymaster
Lord Darlington	1801	43	Agonistes	Sir Peter Teazle	Woodpecker
Sir William Gerard	1802	44	Asheton	Beningbrough	Sir Peter Teazle
Mr. G. Hutton	1803	45	Saxoni	Delpini	Phenomenon

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE EXTRAORDINARY.

BRENTFORD RACES.

THE match between the *Mainwaring Colt,* and Parson Tooke's famous horse *Citizen*, was decided, on Thursday the 9th inst. at the Brentford course. The celebrated match between *Diamond* and *Hambletonian* did not excite one twentieth part of the interest in the sporting world. At an early hour, the roads leading to the course in all directions, were crowded with carriages of every class; horsemen, and pedestrians of all ranks, ages, and descriptions. The road from London was in a manner covered with a solid mass, the crowd being so great as frequently to render it impossible to move.

The race was fifteen rounds of the Brentford course; the horses to start from the Stand-house, commonly called the Hustings, down Kiss-book Hill, across the Devil's Ditch, and so round again to the Stand-house.

On Monday morning, the hour of starting was announced by the sound of marrow-bones and cleavers, hurdy-gurdy music grinding mills, and other melodious instruments. A good deal of time was spent in weighing the jockeys. *Old Mob* rode *Citizen,* and was full of porter and gin, and in high spirits. The *Colt*'s rider was many *pounds* too light, but Alderman C——, Mr. M——, &c. threw in some *shot,* and made up the deficiency.

The jockeys then mounted, and rode to the starting post. The *Colt* was rode by *Magistrate*, in light sky blue; *Old Mob* rode in purple and orange. Never did two horses appear so unequal, as they stood at the starting-post. The *Colt* was in low condition, rough in the coat, and did not show much blood or bone; *Citizen,* on the contrary, was as sleek as a mouse, stood near a hand higher than the *Colt,* and was in excellent condition; but he was a good deal *puffed,* and was supposed to have been very much strained in the *chest,* in his late match with the *Colt*'s sire. *Citizen,* who has been for some time the crack-horse of Brentford, was the favourite; and the odds, before starting, were, at the lowest, ten to one upon him.

Exactly at nine o'clock, the signal was given, and both horses went off at full speed. The result of the first round was not calculated to change the opinion previously entertained of *Citizen*'s superiority. He took the lead, and kept it all the way.

The second proved the *Colt* to be of good bottom. He went off in a spirited style, lay close to *Citizen*, and just passed him within about twenty yards of the post. The odds, however, continued nearly the same, it being the general opinion, that *Citizen* lay by to make play.

The third heat gave quite a new turn in favour of the *Colt*. It now appeared, that his rider had held him in the two first heats, as he *swallowed the bit,* and went off with extraordinary velocity, leaving *Citizen* nearly a distance behind.

The fourth, fifth, and sixth heats, were contested much in the same way, the *Colt* proving uniformly victorious, displaying fine action, and great bottom. During all this time, the populace shewed evident marks of chagrin and disappointment. They hooted and hissed the *Colt* wherever he appeared, and, at times, threatened to break in upon the course.

The seventh heat now came on, and

and the event put them in good humour. *Citizen* took the lead, and never suffered the *Colt* to come alongside of him. His appearance, however, was by no means flattering. He was *blown,* and his wind so much touched, he made a noise like a *roarer*. The *Colt*, on the contrary, though hardly pressed, had never turned a hair.

The eighth heat, both horses put forth all their strength. The jockeys gave them whip and spur from the starting post, and they went neck and neck all round, *Citizen* only winning by a nose.

The ninth heat was contested with equal obstinacy, but was won by the *Colt*, just by a single length. Bets now began to vary considerably; the odds, which, at the beginning, were ten and twelve to one, now dropped to three to two, and four to three. Indeed, at one moment, the bets were even. Great discontent now began to manifest itself among the sporting gentlemen who backed *Citizen*. They swore he was badly rode; that *Old Mob* was bribed; that he was drunk, and did not know what he was doing. Still, however, they had the greatest confidence in their favourite, knowing him to be a horse of sound bottom.

The tenth and the eleventh heats ended in favour of the *Colt*, but he was hardly pressed in both by *Citizen*, who ran him head and girth into the post. Both horses now appeared greatly distressed, and were cut from shoulder to flank.

The twelfth heat did not produce much sport. The *Colt* lay by, and *Citizen* came in first without an apparent struggle.

The thirteenth heat, however, was of a very different complexion; *Citizen* took the lead, and ran in a style that threatened to distance his adversary. The course being deep, and much cut by the crowds of carriages, &c. in the preceding days, *Citizen* threw such immense quantities of *mud* and *dirt* into the face of his adversary, as almost to blind him. The consequence was, he came in first by almost a distance, amidst the shouts of the populace. *Old Mob* now seemed confident of success, cracked his whip, and, to those who had charged him with being drunk, boasted, that *a spur in the head was worth two in the heel.*

The hope of *Citizen*'s friends was now almost raised to certainty: a hundred to one were offered and refused; and some even went so far as to say, that the *Colt* was drawn; but this sentiment was of short duration. *Citizen* had lain by in the beginning of the fourteenth heat, relying upon his superior bottom; but he under-rated his opponent, and was not able to make up his lost ground.

The victory was accordingly declared in favour of the *Colt*, who won eight out of fifteen heats, in the course of which, he astonished all the knowing ones by his capital performance.

The match, however, cannot be considered as finally decided, as the friends of *Citizen* complain of *crossing* and *jostling*, and much other foul play, and mean to refer it to the *Jockey Club*.

BOXING.

CALEB BALDWIN AND DUTCH SAM.

THE battle so long talked of between the invincible Caleb Baldwin, champion of Westminster, and Dutch Sam, a Jew, took place on

on Tuesday, the 7th instant. It was not till then that the doughty heroes and their followers could be spared at Brentford from giving their support in the "good old cause."

On Monday night, Fairlop, in Essex, was decided to be the *campus martius* on the occasion. It happened, however, that, before the combatants left town, information was received that it was the intention of the magistrates of Essex to prevent the vile practice of boxing in that county. A council of war was held among the patronisers of the art, and the scene of action was changed to Woodford Green, near Hornsey. From this delay, it was past one o'clock before the opponents entered the ring and prepared for action. Whilst they were stripping, the odds of two to one were frequently betted on Caleb.

Caleb's seconds were Bill Gibbons and George Maddox. Dutch Sam's seconds were Wood the Coachman and Puss.

First Round.—After a little sparring, Sam made a blow at Caleb with his left hand, without effect; Caleb returned it, and hit short with his right hand; when, following up his blow with his left hand, he put in a desperate blow into Sam's forehead, which brought him to the ground. Odds three to one upon Caleb.

Second Round.—Caleb stood up well to his opponent, who endeavoured to shift, and, hitting a a straight forward blow, right and left, gave Sam a clean knock-down blow, the second time.

Third Round.—Sam met Caleb with more firmness; both made good several hits: the blood gushed from Caleb's eye, which was much cut; and the round ended rather in favour of Sam. Odds still two to one in favour of Caleb.

From the Third to the Eighth Round—was a continued succession of severe hitting on both sides. It was indeed allowed by all, that better fighting was never seen. Both the combatants bled profusely, and it was difficult to say which had the advantage. The bets were now even.

Ninth Round.—Caleb made a successful hit at Sam's temples, and knocked him down. Sam put up his hand to his face, which was considered as a bad omen. Odds in favour of Caleb.

The next four rounds continued in favour of Caleb. He finding the Jew grow weak, followed him up close, and received several hits from Sam whilst retreating. Caleb seemed irritated, and Sam was cool and collected, which, it was thought, would bring him through, in the event of a long battle.

From the Fourteenth to the Twentieth Round—Caleb appeared weak, and, to avoid the severity of his opponent's blows, generally endeavoured to close with him, but, whilst struggling for the fall, Sam, by a peculiar mode, struck his blows upwards, which told well, and Caleb's face was entirely covered with blood.

For several rounds Caleb evinced great distress; after making a blow or two, he was so excessively weak as not to be able to keep his hands straight before him; his blows continued, however, to be straight directed, but he could not give them strength to make them tell. Sam appeared, from his opponent's situation, to acquire fresh vigour, and gave him no quarter. The rounds generally ended with Caleb being worsted.

About the Twenty-sixth Round, Sam discovered symptoms of weakness,

ness, and they hit each other blow for blow, without being able to make any impression; and so completely beaten were both, that they were each slow in returning to the charge; but the Jew appeared to be less bruised, and the odds were considerably in his favour. It ought not to be forgotten, that at this period Sam stunned his opponent with a blow from his left hand, and being prepared to strike him again with his right, desisted from it, on seeing him about to fall. This conduct was loudly applauded.

From this period to the Thirty-seventh Round, which was the last, Caleb continued to weaken, and was so exceedingly distressed, that in making a blow, and missing, he would frequently fall to the ground. This being repeatedly done, together with the violent beating he received, made him sick. Sam having to make such little play, became more and more invigorated, so that it was almost an act of murder to suffer Caleb to stand before him, who, however, was willing to do so to the last moment, although he could not hold up his hands before him.

Towards the conclusion of the last round, he was hit two or three severe blows on the head, one of which happened while in the act of falling. This circumstance gave Caleb's friends an opportunity of calling out, "Foul, foul!" and to break in the ring. The umpires, however, would not suffer the trick to succeed, and declared the battle to be won by Sam.

The poor champion of Westminster was carried off the ground without the least signs of life, all covered with blood, instead of adding fresh laurels to those which he had so hardly earned by winning forty-two successive battles.

JEMMY-FROM-TOWN AND ROLFE.

A PITCHED battle was, on the 14th instant, fought, at a place called Sun in the Sands, at the bottom of Shooter's Hill, between Jemmy-from-Town, a hackney coachman, and James Rolfe, a horse-dealer, two combatants of some pugilistic eminence, for a subscription purse of Twenty Guineas.

Jemmy-from-Town, it may be remembered, acquired great reputation in a contest at Kennington Common, twelve months ago, when he beat Hopping Morgan; and Rolfe was not less admired for his prowess on several occasions, particularly at the Wormwood Scrubs, where the knowing ones were taken in, by betting the long odds against him.

The ring was formed precisely at a quarter past eleven o'clock, when the combatants entered it, both "eager for the fight." On stripping, Jemmy-from-Town appeared to be the taller man, and longer in the arm.

At the commencement of the First Round, the Coachman attacked his antagonist with so much violence, that he *drove* him almost out of the ring, and fell. No dangerous hits made.

The next four Rounds consisted of very severe hitting on both sides. The Coachman did not possess much science, but was deficient neither in strength nor courage, and by a *round* blow he *cut* the Horse-dealer over his right eye, and brought him on his *knees*.

To the Tenth Round, the Coachman kept a *loose rein*; and, notwithstanding Rolfe's efforts to *stop* him, he could not force him to *pull up*. He rushed on his opponent, and fought most furiously, while Rolfe

Rolfe was inclined to shift a little, and seemed to be preserving his wind for a long contest. He could not, however, avoid receiving several blows from the Coachman, which had a very *striking* effect.

From the Tenth to the Sixteenth Round, the Horse-dealer appeared determined to oppose strength to strength, and it was impossible to witness a more manly stand up fight; sometimes one had the best of it, and sometimes the other. The Horse-dealer seemed no longer *restive*, and dealt his blows so judiciously, that the odds were considerably in his favour, and it was supposed that the Coachman was in the *last stage* of the battle.

The Sixteenth Round was in the Coachman's favour; he hit his opponent a violent blow on the temple, which completely turned him round, and brought him to the ground.

The Seventeenth Round turned the tide farther in favour of the Coachman; he hit the Horse-dealer a violent blow in the body, which was thought to have touched his wind.

The Eighteenth Round, Rolfe began by fighting on the reserve, and putting in his blows with great caution, whilst the Coachman continued to follow him up, and give him no quarter. Towards the end, Rolfe made a sudden retreat, whilst the Coachman aimed a violent blow at him, by which means he avoided it, and made a blow in return, which knocked down the Coachman.

The Nineteenth Round, the Coachman seemed determined to make amends for his defeat in the last, and *started* with renovated strength. The Horse-dealer seemed all of a sudden faint, from his extraordinary exertions in the former rounds. The Coachman, perceiving the advantage, made play, and soon took the *lead*, and kept it to the end of the round.

The next three rounds Rolfe was exceedingly distressed—his wind was quite gone; whilst the Coachman put several severe blows, cut his opponent's face, which made the blood flow profusely; it was evident he could not support the fight above another round.

Twenty-fourth Round.—The Horse-dealer now surprised the spectators, by seeming, as it were, suddenly invigorated; and several severe hits were exchanged on both sides. At the conclusion of the round, both fell together from each other's blows. The long-odds were now offered to be taken.

On the combatants standing up to commence the Twenty-fifth Round, Rolfe expressed a wish *to give in*; and victory was unexpectedly declared in favour of Jemmy-from-Town. It was acknowledged on all sides, that the Horse-dealer had *shewn much blood* and *bottom*; and the Coachman retired from the ring without expressing the least dissatisfaction at his *fare*.

THE BADGER—AN ETCHING.

THOUGH this animal cannot be said to afford sport to the superior classes, he is entitled to notice here, in conformity with the original intent of our Work. He is an indolent, diffident, solitary animal, who retires to the most secret places, and there digs for himself a subterraneous residence. He burrows the ground with great facility, as his body is oblong, his legs short, and the claws, those especially of his fore feet, are very long and compact.

DEATH

The Badger.

Pub. Sep. 1. 1804. by J. [illegible], Warwick Square.

DEATH OF A SPORTING CHARACTER.

MR. O'HARA, a gentleman well known on the turf, died on Monday, the 13th instant, in consequence of the bruises he received by being thrown down in Piccadilly, on the preceding Thursday, by a carriage being driven against his horse. On the Monday following, an Inquest was held on the body, before G. Hodgson, Esq. Coroner for the district. It was impossible to bring forward any person who was present at the time of the circumstance taking place.

Mr. Parslow, the surgeon, was therefore the most material witness. He described the nature of the wound which the deceased had received, adding, that it was his opinion, that, from the difficulty of breathing which the deceased had suffered for some time before his death; from the circumstance of his whole frame being swelled to a great extent beyond its natural size; and from the situation of the ribs, which were fractured and drove into the body; that a part of the bone must have perforated the lungs. The body was also turning black, which induced an opinion that there was a quantity of extravasated blood inside the body. Upon the whole, he was positive that the injury which the patient had received in Piccadilly, on Thursday afternoon, was the sole cause of his death.

The Coroner observed to the Jury, that it was evident a fellow-subject had lost his life by the driving of the carriage alluded to; but there was no proof before them sufficient to fix an imputation of guilt upon any particular person As to the degree of impropriety in the conduct of that unknown person who was the driver of the carriage, he left them to form a judgment from the nature of the circumstances which they had heard described.

The Jury declared that the deceased had died in consequence of a carriage, belonging to a person or persons unknown, driving furiously against him.

The Coroner ordered a deodand to be levied of the owner, when found; and L.20 was ordered to be the amount.

ROWING MATCH.

THE annual match for Dogget's Coat and Badge was rowed for, on Wednesday the 1st instant, by six young watermen, just out of their apprenticeship. The boats started at half past five o'clock in the afternoon, from opposite the Old Swan Stairs, near London Bridge, to go with the tide to the Swan at Chelsea.

At the offset, no manifest difference appeared; but within a short distance of Blackfriars, Charles Gingell, of the Temple stairs, shot a-head; Edward Boyce, from below bridge, was the second; and George Still, the third boat. In the same order they passed through Westminster Bridge, and up to Chelsea, Gingell being about seven boats length a-head when he came in for the prize.

The successful candidate was by no means the favourite; the bettings ran fifteen to one against him, he being very slightly made, and otherwise considered as incapable of encountering the below-bridge men, who are remarkable for their great strength and dexterity. Only five of the six boats which started

came through Westminster Bridge, one of them giving up the contest from being a considerable distance a-stern.

The River was covered with pleasure boats, cutters, and wherries, and on each side of the water the spectators were very numerous, attracted, no doubt, by the fineness of the day, and the great expectations formed of the spirit and skill of the rival competitors.

VAUXHALL WHERRY.

ON Monday, the 6th instant, the Proprietors of Vauxhall Gardens gave their Annual Prize Wherry, to be rowed for by seven pair of oars, which were arranged as follows—

Wm. Brummell, J. Thomas; G. Heath, James Taylor; R. Brocking, T. Banks; W. Secker, C. Westwood; R. Barrow, W. Riley; J. Gregory, R. Rose; J. Tims, Isaac Wood.

The contending parties started at Westminster Bridge, at five o'clock, and were to row through the centre arch of Blackfriars Bridge, and return against tide round a boat moored off the Red House, at Battersea, and then to make the best of their way along the Surry shore, till they passed the boat moored off Vauxhall Stairs.

Wood and Tims took the lead at starting, and kept it the whole of the way.

This circumstance may be considered partly owing to their good fortune; for, as the boats were pulling back against tide, three or four of them ran foul of each other, by which means Wood and his partner gained a considerable distance. A similar occurrence took place opposite the House of Lords, which gave them the race hollow. Had it not been for these impediments, it was thought a harder contest could seldom have been witnessed.

SAILING MATCH.

THE various prizes given by George Henry Rose, Esq. was sailed for by fifteen cutters, on the Southampton Waters, on Saturday, the 18th instant.

The vessels being all at single anchor, started exactly at eleven o'clock, on a signal being fired from the Rose revenue cutter. The distance was about ten leagues, the cutters sailing twice round a stationed vessel at the upper end of the river, and also round another below Cadland. The weather proved exceedingly favourable, the wind blowing fresh at W. N. W. The Sally, Robert Chapman, was the first that went round the upper station, and the Dart, Robert Giles, the second; but it coming on to blow a stiff gale soon after, the Sally, from a press of main sail, carried away her boom. The turning up of the several cutters, the last time, against a strong wind, and ebb tide, exhibited an interesting scene of good seamanship. The contest in the last two leagues lay between the Two Brothers, Charles Chapman, and the Dart, when the former, at length, proved victorious, about three o'clock P. M.

This laudable enterprise drew to the quays and shore all the visitants, &c. of Southampton; and amongst the gentlemen's cutters out on this occasion were Lord Bolton's, Lord Wycombe's, Mr. Gerard's, Mr. N. Ogle's, &c.

FEAST

FEAST OF WIT; OR, SPORTSMAN'S HALL.

THE following motion was lately made in one of Provincial Assemblies in America—"Ordered, That a writ be issued for a Member to serve in this Assembly, in the room of Jason Gubbins, who has been removed by *death* to the *Upper* Assembly."

An old Shropshire Lady, once meeting a Cambridge student, asked him if he knew her nephew, and how the young man behaved himself? "I know him well," replied the Soph, "he is a brave fellow, and sticks as close to *Catharine Hall*"—the name of one of the Colleges—"as any man in the University."—"Lack-a-day!" anwered she, "I feared as much, for he always had a hankering after the *wenches*."

In the reign of Queen Anne, an Irish Member of Parliament moved for leave to bring in a Bill, to compel all Irishmen, *born in France*, to return, under a severe penalty, to their *native country!*

An attorney's wife, the Mrs. Malaprop of the village, lately asked the curate to take a little *dejeune* with her at nine o'clock at night. He replied, that he generally *breakfasted* before eight in the morning. "*Breakfasted!*" exclaimed she; "from reading the London papers, I thought that *dejeuning* was the new name for supper."

Anecdote.—The Rev. Dr. Madden had just written his very singular book in vindication of Polygamy, called Thelypthora. It was composed purposely to extenuate the conduct of a rich trader in the Borough, a friend of Dr. Madden's, who had married two wives, and—what must appear extraordinary—lived in tolerable harmony with both under the same roof. This book, an author—Mr. J. H. Wynne—borrowed, and returned again with the following Epigram, written on one of the leaves, in red ink—

"If John marries Mary, and Mary alone,
'Tis a very good match between Mary and John:
But if John weds a score—O what claws and what scratches!
It can't be a match, but *a bundle of matches.*"

A foreign sailor was punished the other day for calling his landlord's wife a *bitch*. The defence of the foreigner was, that he heard the appellation so often applied by the *husband*, that he really thought it was the wife's *proper name*.

The Retort Courteous.—A brace of Lieutenants—one a naval, the other a military hero—rallying and firing their squibs and sallies of the brain at each other, the redcoated gentleman, taking out his pocket-book, said, "I will shew you what you have not seen since the conclusion of last war," and immediately produced a bank-note of

of L.20. "Very good," says the other; "but look, here is such a sight as you never saw in your life;" taking a paper from his side-pocket, "here's a tailor's bill with a *receipt* to it."

A WOMAN in France having gone to confession, the priest, by way of penance, was proceeding to give her a flagellation. As he was leading her behind the altar for this purpose, her husband, who, from a motive of jealousy, had followed her, and concealed himself in the church, made his appearance, and saying that she was too delicate to bear the discipline, offered to receive it in her stead. This proposal the wife greatly applauded, and the man had no sooner placed himself upon his knees, than she exclaimed—"Now, Father, do not spare him, but lay on lustily; for truly I am a great sinner."

A CERTAIN fashionable youth, more famed for his red nose than his wit, on approaching a Lady in company who was much rouged, said, "Madam, you blush from *modesty*."—"Pardon me, Sir," replied the Lady, "I blush from *reflection*."

COUNT MAHONY being once asked by the Pope, if he understood *French?* "Yes, please your Holiness," said the honest Hibernian," if it was spoken in *Irish*.

DUELLING.—In ridicule of this practice, Dr. Franklin used to tell the following story—A person said to another in a coffee house—"Sit a little farther off, Sir; you *smell* offensively." — "Sir," answered the person addressed, "that is an affront, and you must fight me."—"I will fight, if you insist upon it," rejoined the first; "but how will that mend the matter? If you kill me, I shall *smell* too; and if I kill you, you will *smell*—*worse* than you do at *present!*"

WHIMSICAL Mistakes in Typography.—Among the Massachusetts Laws of June 1802, we find an "Act for *supporting*"—instead of *suppressing*—"and punishing rogues and vagabonds, &c."

In a catalogue of books lately advertised for sale, we read, instead of "a History of the *United* States"—"a History of the *Untied* States."

MATRIMONIAL Hint.—"My dear Lady B. I have a terrible heart-burn."—"Ah, Sir Harry, what 's that to the *heart-ache!*"

THE following elegant tribute to conjugal affection occurred within these few days, in elevated life—"Which of the candidates, my love, has your interest?"—"I have no interest, my dear Lord, on the occasion; I have made my *own election*, and I am perfectly happy in the *choice*."

THERE were some years since at Oxford, six physicians, thus peculiarly circumstanced—The breath and feet of the two first did not exhale "the odours of Arabia;" the third was remarkably lean; two others were turbulent and quarrelsome; and the last was supposed to be an *ignoramus* in his profession. The Collegians, in consequence, gave them the respective titles of—"Plague, Pestilence, Famine, Battle, Murder, and Sudden Death!"

A WAG being asked how his friend, who was a tradesman, and who was rather unsuccessful in his business, was getting on, answered—"He 's like the coffin-maker—he never works twice for one customer!"

SPORTING

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

ACCIDENTS AT RACES.

IN the first heat, for the King's Plate, at Canterbury, Mr. Ratcliff's b. h. met with a dreadful accident, by coming in contact with the horse of a person who very imprudently was going over the course just as the horses were passing, by which his neck was broke, and rendered so shocking a spectacle, that he afterwards was obliged to be shot.

The second heat for the City Plate, of L.50 was won by Mr. Ladbroke's Volontiers; but, on the third heat, another accident occurred, which determined the plate in favour of Mr. Emden's Latitat. It has been customary for the Stewards' servants to ride within the lines, to clear the course: a servant of Gen. Harris, one of the Stewards, previous to the horses starting, was actively employed for that purpose, and, ignorant of the horses having started, turned his horse's head suddenly round, at the moment that Volontiers came up with him, when the heads of the horses meeting, the shock was so forcible as to bring both to the ground, and, in consequence, to dislocate the shoulder of Volontiers. He was, however, led off the course, but it is feared must be killed; at any rate, he may be said to be entirely ruined. He was valued at 700 guineas. The riders happily escaped with only some slight hurts.

At the Kelso races, the 7th inst. the L.50 was won by Sir Alexander Don's Precipitate, beating Mr. Baillie's Tickle Toby. The first heat was run amazingly close, and won by half a neck. In running the second, a distressing circumstance occurred: when the horses were coming up, nearly abreast, to the last distance post, Mr. Baillie's colt, which was leading, ran foul of the post, and smashed it to pieces; both horse and rider instantly fell; the latter, William Collinson, without sense or motion. He was fortunately, however, so little injured, as to be able to ride the third heat. In this, the last heat, Mr. Baillie's colt broke down, within a few hundred yards of the goal, and yet lost the race by little more than a length.

The following is an illustration of the first article—

A gentleman who has just returned from Barham Downs, speaks of an unfortunate accident which took place on the Wednesday on the race-course. During the race, and at the moment the horses were putting forth their best speed, two military officers rode across the course, when the leading race-horse struck against the haunches of one of the military hacks, lost his feet, and, coming to the ground, actually broke his neck. The rider was thrown from his back, but received no injury. The horse was the favourite on the course, had won the first heat, and was likely to gain the race. Lord Claremont and Sir Charles Bunbury interfered in the most

most serious way, and the matter is likely to produce an interesting investigation. The following day a similar accident occurred, which has determined the Stewards of the Course to adopt regulations in future, which, it is hoped, will prevent a renewal of such imprudencies.

At the Assizes held at Bury St. Edmunds, on the 26th ult. two causes were decided before Mr. Justice Heath and Special Juries, in which Lord Rous was plaintiff, and Sir Henry Smyth, Bart. and Wm. Gill, Esq. two gentlemen of considerable property in the county of Essex, were defendants, for a tresspass committed upon the property of his Lordship, after the parties had received from him a written refusal to a note requesting permission to shoot, and after a verbal notice had been given them by his Lordship's gamekeeper to leave the premises.

The Learned Judge, after animadverting upon the improper conduct of these gentlemen, informed the Jury, that under these circumstances, he should find it his duty to certify upon the record, that the trespasses were wilful and malicious, in order to entitle the plaintiff to his costs. In consequence of which, the Juries found their verdicts for nominal damages only. This decision will serve to correct a very mistaken notion, which is become too prevalent, that no trespass can be deemed wilful or malicious, unless a formal written notice be previously delivered.

There was also an action of the like kind decided against a third gentleman, William Henry Digby, Esq. who accompanied the others; but there being some circumstances in his conduct which operated in his favour, the Learned Judge directed the Jury to find a verdict for the plaintiff; but not having certified, the defendant is excused from the payment of any other than his own costs. By this decision it is likewise clearly settled, that the bare entering another person's land, without consent, constitutes a trespass, and will entitle the plaintiff to a verdict, although no damage be actually sustained.

Game Certificates.—It was generally imagined, the new Stamp Act would have laid an additional impost on Licences for killing Game; but it does not. It, however, appears, that no person can take out a certificate as gamekeeper, except he is a menial servant.

J. Hawkesworth, many years gamekeeper to T. W. Coke, Esq. died lately, at Holkham Hall, in the 70th year of his age. He never associated with, or spoke to any person, unless he was first addressed. He was very penurious, had accumulated a considerable fortune, which he had hid from the fear of invasion; and his death was supposed to be occasioned by depriving himself of sufficient nourishment. Mr. Coke always furnished him with proper liveries; but his dress was of the most miserable kind, and he always wore an old painted hat, patched over with pieces of cloth. The liveries he had by him at the time of his death, and which had never been worn, are supposed to be worth L.100. He was known by the title of the *Walking Obelisk*.

Lyndhurst Races, on Friday, the 17th instant, afforded its usual abundance of forest sports. Several races of ponies, and half bred horses, were run; and also a match between two horses belonging to Officers of the German Legion, which was sharply contested. But the

the crack diversion of the day was the race by Hampshire Bullocks—with the tips of their horns gilt—in which three started to run heats round the Two-mile Course. The first mile they trotted nimbly, and the last they galloped dexterously, to the astonishment of the spectators; but just as the two first were coming up to the stand, neck and neck, the leading bullock bolted through the rope, and the second following him down into a marshy bottom of the course, they both kicked up, and dismounted their respective riders, to the high diversion of the whole ground; and, in consequence, the third bullock, that was nearly distanced, won the heat. On starting again, the superiority of Mr. Rose's celebrated racing ox, which won last year, was shewn, by distancing his competitors.—The Duchess of Bolton's, Mr. Rose's, Mr. Cullen Smith's, and most of the other families of the neighbourhood, were in carriages upon the ground.

JOCKEYSHIP.—A new thing in riding is observed by the sportsmen to be done by Young Chifney, and which had its effect. In the last 60 yards, he threw down his reins loose on the horse's neck, flogged him, and afterwards held his whip upwards, loosely, to threaten. His horse was thus thrown in with more precipitation, and, as it were, *head foremost*. The horse, by this method, was thought to run no risk of *changing his legs* by an additional whipping.

IN Lord Camelford's will, proved in Doctor's Commons, he bequeathes to Mr. Devereux his "little brown hunter, together with his guns, dogs, and other sporting apparatus, which, he thought might amuse him, and tend to drive away the recollection of the tedious hours he had made him spend."

MRS. THORNTON's equestrian expedition brings to our recollection the circumstance of a lady having engaged, on a bet for a considerable sum of money, to ride a thousand miles in a thousand hours, which the enterprising heroine actually performed. This wager forms the subject of a paper in the *Idler*, written by Dr. Johnson.

ON the Wednesday at the York races, a race was won by Mr. Garforth's horse Traveller; against him at starting, the odds were 100 to 4, a circumstance which is considered very remarkable by the most knowing gentlemen of the Turf.

THE following great match was lately made at Raby Castle. Mr. Mellish's bay colt Sancho, by Don Quixote, against Lord Darlington's brown colt, Pavilion, by Waxy, both rising 4 years old, to run at Lewes on the second day of the races in 1805, four miles, for 3000gs. each, 2000 forfeit.

AT the late Winchester races, French wine was prohibited, at the joint requisition of all the principal gentlemen of Hampshire, who had already served the office of Steward, as a very great augmentation of the expences attached to the Stewardship of the races, and in no degree contributing to the respectability of the meeting.

ON Thursday the 16th instant, Lieutenant Barclay, of the 23d regiment, the celebrated pedestrian, now quartered at Eastbourn, engaged to run two miles in twelve minutes. He accomplished his undertaking with apparent ease in two seconds and a half within the time, although the excessive rain that had fallen during the two preceding days, and a high wind that blew in his face, increased the arduousness of his task. He ran the first mile in five minutes.

ON

On Monday the 20th inst. a man, for a wager of 200gs. undertook to run five miles, on the Bristol and Bridgewater road, and the same ground back again, viz. ten miles, within the hour; which, to the surprise of every one, he performed in three minutes and a half less than the time specified.

On the evening of the same day, a foot race of 25 rods was run at Faversham, between the celebrated Barrows of that place, and a gentleman of London, for 50gs. which was won by the former, who beat his antagonist half a rod.

Thursday morning, Aug. 23, was decided a bet of 80gs. between Mr. Paul Methuen and Mr. Foley, on the Harrow road. Mr. Foley betted that Mr. Methuen could not walk ten miles in two hours, and thirteen in three. Mr. Methuen started at ten o'clock, and walked the distance in two hours and 25 minutes, with great ease; going the last three miles without the least exertion. Mr. Jackson was the umpire.

The same morning, about half past one, a gentleman started from No. 9, York-place, Baker-street, to Orchard-street, the ground having been previously measured, half a mile: the ground to be gone over by him was twenty miles, for 20gs. a-side; and the time allowed was four hours. The gentleman came in at ten minutes past five o'clock, being twenty minutes within his time.

A man undertook, lately, for a considerable wager, to go four times and a half round the race course in Pontefract Park, Sussex, being a distance of nine miles, in one hour; which he performed in one minute and two seconds under the time allowed.

Two female servants of Waddington, Lincolnshire, lately fought a pitched battle, attended by their seconds, &c. The prize contended for was a young man, servant to a farmer in the neighbourhood, who actually had the temerity to go to church with the victor!

Duel.—Two tradesmen, near Blackfriars, had a difference on Tuesday night, the 14th instant, respecting a bet, which it was agreed should be decided next day with pistols. They met accordingly, near the Windmill, below Petty France, when the seconds had the good sense to drop the bullets into the proper place—their own pockets. One of the parties, who had been let into the secret, *dropped dead* on the first fire! His opponent fled on the wings of fear, and next morning was proceeding in a post-chaise, to depart for Hamburgh or America, when he saw his *deceased* antagonist very composedly serving his customers behind his proper counter.

An old gentleman, of venerable aspect, who resides in the vicinity of Clare-market, was grossly insulted, a few days since, by two stout lads about 16 years of age, in the Strand, when he returned the affront by giving them, both together, a severe thrashing. Curiosity having brought many spectators to the spot, he was recognised by one among them, who knew him, to be a Silesian, 96 years of age, whose father fought in the British service at the battle of Fontenoy.

On Friday the 24th instant, a pugilistic contest took place in Panton-street, Haymarket, between a genteel looking man and a groom. They were both scientific bruisers; and, after fighting half an hour, the spectators interfered, and prevented them from continuing the combat. Some insult offered by the groom occasioned the fight.

POETRY.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

RURAL SPORTS.

WHEN autumn spreads her ripen'd stores to view,
And tints each yellowing grove with various hue,
Soon as Aurora breaks the misty morn,
The sportsman, gladsome, hails the light, new born,
The plumy tribe impatient to destroy,
And each enchanting rural sport enjoy;
The sleek-hair'd pointer, fawning, owns his lord,
Well train'd, well fed, obedient to his word;
The shaggy setter knows the wonted voice,
While eager hopes his buoyant heart rejoice.
Freed from restraint, they scour the verdant mead,
And, quart'ring, skilful o'er the landscape spread;
Dash from each glist'ring herb the pearly dew,
Or thro' the 'tangled brake the scent pursue;
Now on the fallow stiff their labour spend;
Now to their course the rustling stubbles bend.
But mark!—yon cautious setter winds the game;
This, his quick tail and busy nose proclaim:
Ho!—'tis a feint!—Again he bursts away—
Again he stops, and snuffs the latent prey—
Now cautious creeps along—now stands at last
Close crouch'd, scarce breathes—as sculptur'd marble fast!
To-ho! in cautious tone, the sportsman cries,
Lest some unheeding pointer spring too soon the prize:
Each pointer, check'd, obeys the well-known sound,
And stands unmov'd, or prostrate seeks the ground.
Had some horrific gorgon met their sight,
Nor it had sooner stopp'd their rapid flight.
Delightful scene!—Attend ye doubting throng—
Say, no superior pow'rs to dogs belong?
Mark that sagacious form, expressive eye,
And then to brutes intelligence deny:
To paint such beauteous scenes be Morland's part;
Or Stubbs might here display his happiest art.
Now springs the latent covey, borne on high
On whirring pinions through the liquid sky:
Fear nerves each wing; nor man had stopt their flight,
Had sulphur slept unknown in earthy night.

With vivid flash the mortal lightnings glare,
And mortal thunder peals along the air:
Soon some poor partridge feels the leaden wound,
And, falling, flutter's on th' ensanguin'd ground;
Dim grows the eye, of pow'r each wing bereft,
Which late so strong the flaky ether cleft.
Fain would the pointer seize the trembling prey,
But the loud clanging whip arrests his way;
Th' approaching sportsman joyful nets the game;
Such the reward his toils and labour claim.
But when to Scorpio's blaze retreating Libra yields,
And moist October dews the new-shorn fields,
Secure the painted pheasant strays no more;
The forest trembles with repeated roar
Of broken thunder, while each wood rebounds
From hill to hill the animating sounds;
Each brake, each copse, the busy spaniel tries;
And see, on clumsy wing, the pheasant rise!
Nor far the beauteous bird, exulting, flies;
The thund'ring gun o'ertakes his sounding flight;
Each hazel eye is clos'd in endless night.
What now, bright bird! thy glowing tints avail,
Thy burnish'd plumage, and extended tail?
Thus some proud eastern sultan sinks in death,
Nor gold, nor gems, can stay his fleeting breath!
Now winter glooms, with snows and storms severe,
And frowns tempestuous on the shatter'd year;
The lonely woodcock haunts the holly shade,
Or, boring, rattles in the wat'ry glade;
Him from the brake the yelping * cocker springs,
He rises slow, on wide-extended wings;
Nor long, nor far, the bird, ill-fated, flies,
Pierc'd by the shot, he bleeds, and falls, and dies.
Oft, too, the snipe, as o'er the marshy heath
He quiv'ring flits, o'ertaken, sleeps in death;
Or, on some winding river's sedgy side,
The wounded mallard sinks beneath the tide;
Or hern, slow rising from the plunder'd lake,
Unerring aim'd, th' avenging shot o'ertake.
Such toils as these the fowler's care employ,
His labours such, and such his usual joy:
Now o'er the barren heath, unwearied, roves;
Now tries the coverts of the leafless groves;
Or wakes with neighing steeds the "slumb'ring morn,"
With hounds harmonious, and deep winding horn,
To chase the bounding buck with eager speed,
And urge o'er rocks and plains the hunter-steed;
Or, with the smaller beagle-pack, prepare
To trace the mazes of the doubling hare.
These charming labours o'er, the tables shine,
And sparkling goblets blush with rosy wine:
O'er the gay bowl again we hunt the chase,
Our toils, our dangers, and our course re-trace,
Till sleep's encroaching pow'rs our eye-lid's close,
And lulls the yielding soul to soft repose.
Thus glides, serene, the sportsman's life away;
No dreams of pomp and pow'r disturb the day;
No statesman's cares perplex, no war's alarms
Affright the soul, nor trumpets clang to arms.

August 18, 1804. AGRESTIS.

* A small kind of spaniel used in cock-shooting.

SPECTACLES;

SPECTACLES; OR, HELPS TO READ.

WHERE gently swinging o'er the gate,
The royal Lion hugs his chain,
Deck'd in a tawny hide and wig,
Instead of mane,
As frizzled and as big
As that which clothes the wisest Judge's pate;
The village-club, inspir'd by beer,
Had met, the News-paper to hear,
Which weekly to the list'ning crowd,
Aaron their clerk proclaim'd aloud.

While talking over state affairs,
Each fault in politics discerning,
And praising Aaron's wond'rous learning!
A hawker came to vend his wares;
The well-pack'd box his shoulders press'd,
And his rough beard descended to his breast.

"Vell, Shentlemen, vat you vant to buy?
Goot razors, knives, vate'er you choose,
Vatch-keys, or buckles for de shoes?
Or do you stand in need
Of Spectacles, vich Helps to Read?"
"Do you sell Helps to Read?" Hodge cries,
And yawns, and rubs his drowsy eyes;
"Hand me a pair, at least I'll try:
Who knows, when the old man's dead
I may be clerk in Aaron's stead."
So said, he fix'd them on his snout,
And star'd, and wink'd, and look'd about:
But all in vain.
"Perhaps de soight 's too old," the pedlar cry'd:
"Sher, try anoder pair;
Dese, Sher, vill shute you to a hair."
Again the bumpkin try'd;
His eyes ran o'er the page again,
But all was dark and puzzling as before.
"Vell, Sher," cry'd Moses, "can you now see better?"
"Not I," quoth Hodge, with angry roar;
"I cannot tell a letter."
Then madly stamp'd and rav'd,
Swearing he'd have the cheating Hebrew shav'd;
He'd dock his chin, he'd mow his grisly beard.
"Vy, Sher," cry'd Moses, striving to be heard,
Perhaps you cannot read; and, if 'tis so,
Noting vill help you out you know;
De spectacles are very goot indeed;
But den, perhaps you never vent to school."
"What!" growl'd the clown, with fiery rage,
And redden'd face, where anger you might see,
"D'ye take me for a fool?
If I could say my A, B, C,
What need have I
For any Helps to Read?"

J. B. *Junior.*

THE OLD MAID'S PETITION.

YE gentle swains, if e'er your hearts have felt
For others' woes, Oh! lend a list'ning ear;
If soft compassion e'er your bosoms melt,
Sure kindred sympathy will teach you here.

Oh! when I view in mem'ry's lucid page,
In youthful scenes, how jovial pass'd each hour,
Enchanting pleasures of my early age,
When love was all, and I was beauty's flow'r—

Oh! had the youth whom most my heart approv'd
But felt what oft my throbbing bosom fir'd;
Oh! had he known how much, how much I lov'd,
A mutual flame must sure his soul inspir'd.

But why in retrospect this bright survey?
Why dwell on scenes which I no more must prove?
Those pleasures and my bloom have felt decay;
I live in secret, and despair of love.

Oh!

Oh! had the gods revers'd our fate severe,
Freely to range and choose our fav'rite swain,
I had been bless'd with ev'ry pleasure here,
Nor in life's ev'ning ventur'd to complain.

Now, wheresoe'er my careless footsteps range,
When vernal suns shall gild the rosy morn,
What sad neglect, Oh! what an horrid change,
From hearty greetings to indignant scorn.

Oft when to church with modest mien I walk,
I hear them say—"There goes an ancient prude,
Whom pride has stiff'ned to an haughty stalk.
Tho' well we recollect when she was rude:

"She takes no note what fashion rules the fair,
Her peaking antique waist so low descends;
And now she's trick'd out in a Sunday air,
With height'ning bobs her stature recommends.

"Some pretty cats she keeps, her mind to please,
And one poor lap-dog is ordain'd to share
Her close confinement, her unwelcome ease,
And take his lodging in her bedside chair."

Oh! who can bear the ridicule, the scorn
Which I endure from such sarcastic tongues?
Ye gen'rous youths, consult my state forlorn,
Nobly resolve, and then avenge my wrongs.

Where is the swain who ventures in the field?
All that I prize, for him will I forego,
To him alone my beating heart I yield,
With him I'll venture for my weal or woe.

My fav'rite Tabb and Tortoise I'd resign,
And snuff-box, frequent soother of my grief;
Myself I'd sacrifice at Hymen's shrine,
Since wedded love alone will bring relief.

But should no youth my frequent sighs attend,
Perhaps some "lass-lorn bachelor" may hear,
And in compassion prove himself my friend,
To break the galling chain of fate severe.

Ye masculines, who boast a spirit free,
Come pity what a maid forlorn endures;
Pale pensive melancholy waits on me,
Ah! come and bless, and ev'ry joy be yours.

THE TOPER'S EXCUSE.

A TOPER, who rarely regarded devotion,
And one day, as usual, was taking his potion,
Was invited, and very much press'd, by a friend,
On a public occasion at church to attend,
Hear a sermon, and once in his life say a pray'r—
"Go to church!" cry'd the toper; "and pray who'll be there?"
"All the world; there's a gen'ral Fast kept to day."
"All the world!—there's ENOUGH then, I'm better away."
"But if none were there, should you alter your tone?"
"By no means," cry'd the sot—"what could *I* do ALONE.

AGRESTIS.